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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

PSTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1891. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2130.

there was a great difficulty to find a convey-ance. By the offer of preposterous payment, I found a man willing to convey my luggage

on a handbarrow, and there was nothing left

I did so. I never shall forget the glory of that evening. The stars were as large and brilliant as in southern latitudes. The air

was bright with the cold. "Like fireflies

tangled in a silver braid," the branches of the

trees looked glowing and luminous amid the frosty brilliants with which they were

But in the utter absence of road our pro green was slow. It was nearly eleven when we reached the Hall. Coming on foot in this manner, my arrival was entirely unnoticed. The quadrangle was one blaze of light. The ball had commenced. I would not disturb any one, but asked to be taken to the room

which I knew was prepared for Maynard.— When there I determined to wait his arrival,

for me but to walk.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

#### EXEFUL AND HANDSONE PREMIUM!

TO EVERY TWO DOLLAR SUB-CRIBER, WEO PAYS IN ANYANCE FOR 1882, AND TO EVERY PERSON WHO GET FA CLUE FOR 1882, WILL BE GIVEN, OR SENT BY MALL [93] and prepaid by ws) A HANDSONE COLORY MAP THE SLAVE-ROLDING STATES-POTE PERT LONG BY TRRES PERT BROAD! EF Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of

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#### A Reply to "The Lady's Farewell."

FOR THE SATURDAY BURNING POST.

l go, true heart, I go, Fearless and undismayed; Breathing again the saintly vows That were upon me laid. Upon my lip and brow feel thy kisses yet, And on the cross the tear drops lie, As though with jewels set.

I go, beloved, I go, Thine image in my heart; Thy woman's heart so wise and strong, Hath made it light to part. Not wind or flood or sea, Can keep me back from thee;

And ever shall my watchword be, True love and victory. I go, dear heart, I go, Trusting in "God's dear grace," Which in His own appointed time, Shall bring us face to face.

I may with armor on, Die as a true knight dies; But thou and I, dear heart, shall meet At last in Paradisc

CAROLINE A. BELL.

# THE WOMAN I LOVED,

### AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME. A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

## By the Authoress of "Agnes Tremorne."

### CHAPTER IX.

The next morning I (or rather Marian) re ceived a letter from some very old friends of the Comptons, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, inviting us to spend Christmas with them. I knew I could not leave Speynings myself at this time, but Marian, after she had read the letter, passed it across to me, and said:

"There is no reason why we should refuse this, is there?"

I cannot leave Spevnings at Christmas. But I can, I suppose. They have invited Harry for his holidays, and I think the change will do us all good. Speynings seems very unhealthy just now."

Just as you like," I said, wearily.

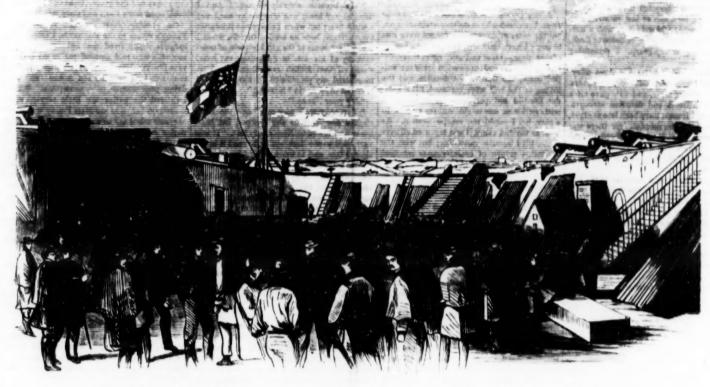
"But you-"

"I must join you later."

I knew little of these Talbots personally, but that they were very old friends of hers. Their house was one of the gayest in the neighboring county. A baronial mansion in which the old Christmas traditions were kept ip in the most rigorous manner. Marian had have remembered her, but it was only a fleeting thought. I did not pause to consider the which would in a measure modify the situation in which we were.

It was about three weeks before Christmas, and the interval was occupied by Marian in if in her heart she despised me the less, I am

Panny also had been invited, but that they I had resisted her, and I was not to be sub-



SURRENDER OF FORT MACON, NORTH CAROLINA.-LOWERING THE REBEL FLAG, APRIL 26th.

soned by North Carolina troops. Command- shown. ing the harbor of Beaufort, and impregnable from the sea, it has furnished a cover for remerce. It was behind, this fort that the was made with this purpose, direct or indi- Burnside, the elevation of the colors, after News.

The fort was too strong to be successfully assailed from the sea. Gen. Burnside, therebel operations in running the blockade, and fore, proceeded to get in its rear and attack provisions in fitting out privateers to prey on our com- it from the land. His descent on Newbern

Fort Macon mounted 60 guns, and was Nashville found refuge, after eluding our rect, and his brilliant victory at that point the surrender, was forbidden to be attended provided with a ditch and glacis, and all the squadron off the coast. Its capture, thereother resources of a formal fortification. It fore, became a matter of importance, and the He lost no time in occupying Beaufort, thus though, as they expressed it themselves, they was seized by the State Government of North
Carolina immediately on the fall of Fort
Sumter, and has since been held and garriHow well he has effected it the result has

March, when immediate measures were taken

March, when immediate measures were taken to reduce the fort—garrisoned by about 400 litself upon its wharves, and when the troops men, under Colonel White, formerly of the and Unionists saw the Stars and Stripes at

In accordance with the orders of General

U. S. army, and supplied with six months' the top of the flag-staff, they vented their feelings in one grand uproar of joy. Our engraving is from one in the Illustrated

I was strangely excited as I tried to sleep. Some persons are particularly affected by the atmospheric influence of a night like this," I thought. My pulses throbbed, my She treats Fanny in a most strange Indian hemp seemed to me to be produced pitiable recollections, undescribable yearnings, voluptuous memories, a rush of bitter recollections, and then a sudden blank horror. When I rose there were drops of damp

When I went down stairs the snow had ceived a letter from Nora. Devoted husband agreeable things said of him, as if he neglected as he was, he made an apology, and opened her, and was behaving very iii. ceased falling, and the sky was clear and hard; I therefore left the room, and found bright as crystal. A hard frost, such as had my way along a passage which I hoped might bright as crystal. A hard frost, such as had my way along a passage which I hoped might I smiled when I put down this letter. I not been remembered in the country for lead me by some back stairs to the conserva-understood Marian-net entirely as I found years, had frozen earth and water into one tory. At the upper end was a door; I open-

also save Fanny from the imputation which ments for some of the cottagers. Such an in Not the last few days-I may have a let- I saw would be dexterowaly fastened on her of tensity of cold was what they were totally unprepared to meet. I am glad I did so.

In the morning I had a few lines from Maynard to say that he would try to start by an earlier train, for the roads between the sta-"We shall catch the 5 P. M. train, and get | tion and Talbot House would be as slippery that I am coming. But I cannot get away be | nutes, doing the five miles. At last I had made all my arrangements, sent my luggage, and prepared to walk to meet the train. Just which rose that was almost stifling, and a When I went home I found that no letters as I was going the postman brought the let- red glow through the air which even the had arrived from Marian for me. I was very busy—I will not answer for presentiments—iron-bound roads. I slipped mine into my pocket. There were none that demanded immediate attention

suppose, some wife-like greetings-from the again. It was three is the morning before I servant overtook me, he could not leave by a little behind the dancers, listening to Lasthat train. I was to tell Nora not to be anx- celles, who was talking earnestly to her. ious; if he were delayed he would telegraph,

and, drawing my chair by the fire, took out my letters to read by way of beguiling the time. After perusing two or three of little importance, I took up one which was address ed in a strange hand. It was a communication from a lawyer .-Its purport was a demand of legal separation, separate maintenance, &c., &c., on the part of my wife.

A few lines from Marian berself were inclosed. They ran thus:

I choose this method of communication that you may know my resolve is not to be shaken. I have acquired a knowledge of you these last few months which would render our living

under the same roof impossible.

My English or my Venetian rival may console

My fixed determination is to go to Italy. I require a warmer climate for my health. It will be beneficial also to Nina. Harry will join us after he has left school.

I do not reproach or blame you. Be just to

me. All my friends know that my health requires this change. It will be your own fault if, by any idle opposition, you draw down on us a scandalous publicity. I only ask you to forget MARIAN. me and leave me free.

I read this letter twice over. This, then, was her plan. Liberty, self-indulgence, lux-ury—without a hated husband. For me, I was to be left with my household gods showered around me, there where I had desecrated the altars for her.

I now know, or think I have reason to know, it was only a threat. She felt sure that, to avoid running the gauntlet of country gossip, I would be willing to concillate She trusted that there was still sufficient softness in my heart towards her to make me dread a life-long parting. It was a bold stroke; but she had well calculated its chances. If successful in making me anxious to avoid a separation, she could make her own terms; and if it came to the worst, and I was obdurate, she gained freedom, and the sympathy which a beautiful woman driven from her home by the infidelity of her husband is sure to excite in all right-thinking persons.

I was calm; but for a moment everything swayed around me, and there was a surging sound in my cars as if I was at sea. I then rose, and taking a pencil, wrote a few lines on the back of the note.

I have read your letter since I arrived here. It is by a chance that it is so, but that chance may be life or death to both. Meet me in the conser. vatory directly, and after we have spoken face to face for five minutes: If you persist in your wish, we will part forever.

I called a servant and told him to find Mrs. Spencer, and give her that note as soon as he

I did not wish to be found here by Mayed it. It led into a gallery, which ran round a saloon, or smaller hall, ruised by a few stairs from the large entrance-hall. The dancing was there. I looked down for a moment. It was a whirl of festal drosses, lights, and garlands. The musicians were in a tem porary erection almost opposite to me, but somewhat lower.

As I stood, it seemed to me that the whole gallery rocked to and fro, and that the draperies and flags which had been arranged above and beneath to mask the beams of the stand for the orchestra, shone as if fire had been behind them. There was a hot vapor blaze of lights could not account for or explain.

As I haned down, my eyes were caught when I reached the railroad, Maynard's forget everything else. Marian was standing There is an air of Weber's which I never

next to the library, but this evening, from but he was in great hopes of arriving that hear without its reminding me, in some strange and incongruous manner, of Marian I was so busy wondering what excuse or as I now saw her. In all the great compoexplanation I should give of my sudden arri- ser's music there is beneath the melody and beauty an undertone of something magical When I reached the end of my journey, and wild which almost produces a disso-

either of us to any subject which had been

the cause of discussion between us. There was a melancholy stillness as in a house hushed by the presence of a corpse.

Nina flew about from room to room with fulfilling an unpleasant but unavoidable

I heard her tell Maynard that she was not the autumn had been so unhealthy, she was glad to remove Nina from Speynings, and not to bring Harry to it.

"One's children must be the first consideration always." I overheard her say this. It was a phrase I had heard before, and I went. I put her into the carriage, exrefully and that was all. arranging her dress and cloaks, and went round to the other side to see that all was as it should be.

"Good-bye, Hubert."

Her eyes rested on mine for a moment, Her glance was steady and searching, and with something of triumph in it-something of farewell was mingled with it also. Certainly, if there had been contest between us, she looked the victor as she leant back, luxuriously folded up in her warm cloaks and fors, with her beautiful face slightly flushed. from some emotion I could not define, and her brilliant smile as she looked back at me where I stood-a rale, grave man, with the marks of disappointment and wasting sorrow on both face and figure.

I confess it was with a sense of defeat that I went into the house again. I had given her the power of marring my life, and what was I in hers? I could prevent her receiving the homage of a fool, but was she the more not seen them for years, and it seemed for a mine for that prevention? Warburton's good moment strange that they should so suddenly nature had saved him from actively opposing ber, and he had received his reward in her apparent deference and docility to him. She why or wherefore, but was glad of any break was quite ready to deceive any one willing to be deceived, for I knew her nature was antagonistic to all rough and rude methods; but with me it was impossible to act so, and making the most elaborate preparations for confident that no one had ever excited so much of genuine dislike in her, as I had, du-Maynard informed me that Nora and ring these last months. I had found her out

had departed; they were to precede May nard by a few days, but after they left he and indulgence, had done great harm, an evil love had done more; but cut down now to the

### CHAPTER X.

smiled bitterly at the remembrance. They very brief was the note; I had answered it,

One evening as I sat with Maynard, he reit immediately.

His countenance changed a little as he read look at me.

"What's the matter ?" I asked.

ter this evening" "Are you going to the Talbota'?"

not friends of mine, you know." Nora is very anxious that I should go

ed ball. Why don't you come with me !" His voice was eager. "Why should I go? Tell me, Maynar! what is it? There is something I should

"I never could manage anything in my life," said Maynard, bluntly you had better

others, and put the rest into my hands, while had finished. he went to give orders for his departure on the morrow

These were the words of the letter:

had written to them some weeks ago, and had so stopped to look out at one of the windows.

did not intend going till after the Christmas | dued. Such were the thoughts with which I | deplored the unhealthliness of the air of Spey | The whole earth was white with snow. It was nings, and her dislike to bringing Harry into it | falling with amazing thickness and rapidity. There are few things more ghastly of the there so soon after Marian, though I should have been puzzled to explain why I was a sense of relief also. The tension caused have been puzzled to explain why I was glad.

During this time no allusion was made by either of us to any subject which had been and hopeless man.

Lavoided the Rectory till the two ladies. The tension caused seif bound to invite Harry, and then arranged to seif bound to invite Harry, and then arranged to have the whole party. Mrs. Talbot considers had then the noiseless fall of a heavy snow storm, and I shivered as I dropped the curtain. In passing through Marian's dressing-room and boundoir, I noticed, without being scarcely I were much together. He was singularly these last few months. Marian never looked kind to me. On one subject (Marian) my better, but complains of her chest, and talks of distinguished that some little miniatures and Nina flew about from room to room with most fabulous accounts of the glories of newly arrived dresses; but to have judged from her mother's own manner, she was fulfilling an unpleasant but unavoidable thing divine, but she does not distinguish bira In any way. Fanny says Mr. Spencer ought to be here (the "ought" was dashed). Marian is very temples beat, my lips were parched-I heard ner tell Maynard that she was not at all the mood to pay a gay visit; but that the auturm had been so unbealthy she was light be expected.

Therefore "ought" was dashed). Marian is very thing of the wonderful effect produced by the kind to me, but I never can get on with her thing of the wonderful effect produced by the somehow. She treats Fanny in a most strange Indian hemp seemed to me to be produced. way, as if she were very sorrow for her, or as if by the snow-charged air; feverish visions asshe felt she had injured her. I do not under sailed me—not dreams, for I was awake, and stand it, nor does Fan, but it makes her savage, yet my will had as little control as in sleep; I am glad for her sake that when we return she I had had a few lines from Marian and most fulfill her old promise of spending six nouncing her safe arrival. Very cold and months with her uncle in Scotland. Marian seems trying to fasten some imputation on her. Nobody could every explain Marian's whims, and this is one I suppose; but I confess I wish
Mr. Spencer were here, for there are many disWhen I went down stairs to

it, and I saw him suddenly put it down and afterwards, but better than poor simple Nora. glittering white surface. It was requisite that I should go for my own honor, not as regarded Lascelles, but as to I was going to Talbot House for a few days, "Nothing-bave you heard from Mrs. my own character to a husband. I could she requested me to make certain arrange-

being Marian's rival. "Do not mention me, Maynard," I said, "Not till I fetch Marian away-they are sin your answer, but I will accompany you. How soon can we get there?"

here to morrow: there is to be a very crowd-there in time for the ball. I will telegraph as glass, and we should be hours, and not mifore that."

but I got through a quantity of letters, acounts, arrangements, as if I had had a notion He separated the first sheet-containing, I that it would be long before I did the same

Since Marian had left I slept in a little room some cause I could not have explained, I had hight. I told you how surprised I was that the Tal. given orders I would sleep up stairs. As I I told you how surprised I was that the Tal-bota should have remembered us after so many years; but I discovered accidentally that Marian rooms peculiarly appropriated to Marian, I

self, but in the effect produced: Marian's aspect as she thus stood, with diamonds glitterthere, floating like a fule pression of her fare-ball trimph, half me-

I turned away, and tried to shut out the hall, and at last entered a conservatory got geous with tropical bicom, and retjant colored lamps, but as I had expected when I saked Marian to join me there, entirely deserted and untenanted. I stood there for a while, seemed by a huge stand of bread-leaved plants. I sought a moment for reflection, but my senses seemed spell bound. Nei ter grief nor rage, but a sullen and stupid indifference was gaining possession of me.not deny to myself that I felt it. Did I yet Marian's presence? Did the idea that I should see her never more, never more as in the old time beside me, sting deeper than all the foregone alienation and sever Did I yet prize the goblet, though the

As I thus stood two ladies passed me.

How late your husband is," said one. " Yes, but he will come I know if he can You must remember the roads are in a dread-

Yes, one sheet of ice is round the house there is not a drop of water for miles; every pond, every stream is frozen. I pity any one travelling such a night, Nora."

I hope Mr. Spencer will come with him. Her companion sighed deeply, but did not

reply.
Shall we go back, Panny?" "Wait a minute-the ball room is suffice

"Yes; I do not think it a good plan to

have brocked up the doors at one end. They could not put the stand for the band any where else; and it looks very well as you enter, all blazing with light as ft is-th music seems to come out of the light."

Yes, but there is something peculiar st. fling in the air."

"Let us go into your room for a few mi nutes. Nora. I feel no pervous and foolish to night, as if something were going to happen I wish your husband would come."

"Come along, then we will be quiet for a fers mainties.

Trey passed on.

#### CHAPTER XL

How long I remained in the sensi stops into which I had follen I cannot say. Through the chaos into which my thoughts and feeling were rapidly merging I could hear the music of the ball swalling and falling in the distance There was something hideous to me in th counds. A measureless diagust at life, at its boiless cheata, its sickening illusions, was excepting over me wave upon wave, and to hear from out of these depths into which I was sinking these sounds of festival seemed a membered now. effectment of torture. These joyous cadences ringing through the air with a fall of light elayful notes, or rising with sudden breaks nto a gush of more spirited and resolut tch whose life would o musicless evermore. Would Marian come But way was I so unmanned? Nay, it was use deceiving myself. What other end could there be to our union? But we all in variably shut our eyes to the inevitable law of consequences, and hope for exceptional mira cles to save us from the effects of our own ac tions I knew Marian. Alas! of what avail was the knowledge? Could it shield me now? A few years ago, after having bette one hundredth part of the pain I had Jately gone through, I should have welcome! . case, freedom, absence, but I was a subcrer, adder person now. True, her falschood, he ness, her deceit, had worn my life a a sword wears out a scatbard, but the scale rd has been shaped to the sword -withdraw the weapon and the should remains empty,

thus, and leaned my head against one of the

olumns of the conservatory. How it seemed to vibrate with the volup tuous thrill of the music and the dance so ura ine! Histonel with a straining cagerness, and hours seemed to have classed while thus stood listening here, the night and I, sole and ency of all these festal maladies, when exhically there was a sharp pause as if all the instruments had shot off into a shock of alonce, and all the steps had been transfixed is to sudden motionlessness, and then from the nest height of stillness the night and I were plunged into the wildest chaos of shrieks screams and tunuit. Cry upon cry resounded through the whole house and pealed through conservatory and through hall and through ascinent, and in a moment every place was filled with persons rushing, scrambling, flying from some pursuing horror. Women faints to save you both. It was too late for Marian ing soliting, shricking, men supporting them, I but I think but for her you must have perial crowding round them, blocking up the passages, filling up the doors, all blindly seeking flight, and each in his frantic effort to force others. It was a fearful scene of desperate flow! fear and maddened schishness; but I had word "Fire!" and toy name called in a frenzy | more orders. of appeal by Marian.

I had putted a second, and then, darting brough a side passage, had crossed the whole guarded as madness always is. length of the house, and buttled my way through the descending fugitives up the few

steps which led to the hall-room, Oh, God! shall I ever forget what I saw? The room was almost deserted, yet a roaring end, there was a wall of finne mounting higher and higher, till the long lurid forked

the draperies and beams had fallen into ashes, of spotiess white covered the earth, but be and in front of all, with her light rober blown ng on her heir, breast, and arms, her drass, out belignd her in one red halo of fire, her face one of see thous, flatting like a fulle convulsed with fact, her mouth black and dis and her, and the inexplicable ex- torted, wildly awaying to and fro as if for shelter, stood Markin-alone! She did not lanchely—had the same mysterious and fatal see me, for her eyes were closed, but she heard a step, and with one cry and bound forwards. toming up her arms, round witch the fire, like the coiled rings of a serpent, was burnle, closer and closer, she rushed into my arms

"Save me ! save me !" she estal. I held her, I pressed her, I clasped her, til my own hair and face and breast were orched and burning in the same fismes, an tried by the very closeness of the embrace to vercome the dread power which held he I struggled with it as with a least of prey. drew her pearer and nearer to a door which hung a woollen curtain, which I would have folded round her, but, after the first mo which galled me, even at the moment I could ment of passive endurance, she struggled a violently that it was almost impossible to hold her, and my own senses were failing me from the smoke, the flame, and that loud deafening volce of the fire. The last thing I remember was some heavy clock being thrown (by some person who perilled life in entering the blazing ring of fire which encircled us) round us, o rather over us, for I had at last tottered and fallen, still clutching Marian, but with a horrible sense that what I held, or dress or flesh, was pulverising in my grasp. I remember

It must have been four or five days after wards when I regained clear consciousness I was in a burning fever, and this gave me a sudden and delirious and fictitious strength I was in bed. It must have been late at night or rather early in the morning, for there was that indescribable chill in the air which is the harbinger of dawn, and which penetrates with a mysterious and piercing power even in a

I saw that there was a mattress in the furthest part of the room on the floor, and that ny servant was asleep on it.

I tried to raise my hands, but they were stiff from pain, and swathed in some soft wool which made them powerless.

I did not at once remember where I was, fancied it was the continuation of my long lices after my return from the Continent ears ago. I expected to see my mother enter. I thought of the Grange, of the War-

The door opened and a man entered. He did not come up to the bed, and I could not see his face. He roused the servant, and they

I waited. Then I heard from below the tramp of orses, as of carriages being drawn before the house very slowly. ' For fear of dispurbing me," I thought, and closed my eyes.

When I opened them Maynard stack-be There was a night-light near the hed, and I saw he was dressed as for a journey. He

"You are better, Spencer," he said, for he saw there was recognition in my eyes. I re-

" Better, yes. Where is Marian?"

His voice was very low and sad as he at

You did all that you could she did not affer after --- It was a frightful necidentmany have been saily burt to one can se count for it, except that in lighting up the som some spark must have fallen on the ar tificial wood-work which supported the musician's gallery. It must have been going on for hours before it was discovered, and then had served far and while, the difficulty of btaining water, the panic, the draughts prowed by the sudden rush outwards and openog of every door and window, by which es one could be sought, increased the dancer And Marian?

No one can explain it clearly; but it cans she had only that minute left the dan ing. A servent, so says Lascelles, had given sucre and took it to read and to answer. moler the must can's callery where the greathave fallen on her drops to he was in flames in a moment :- too fright sued to move at first, and then too far from the door to reach it. She never spoke again cut was insensible to the last. The physiclans say the fright must have produced a succestion of the brain; she did not suffer had it not been for this congestion, you would

How kindly Maynard tried to convey com-

"It was a dreadful fatality her receiving

that note." he continued. I growned.

arrived in the very midst of the confu sing. I have done all that I thought you would wish. I am going now

"To Speynings. Nora will do her best for rou, though her hands are quite full. Poor Fanny injured herself very much in trying

I turned away my head, I could not con troi the poor womanish tears; from what his way becoming an obstacle to himself and untold depths of butterness did they not face.

Maynard left the room, and he beckened caught, higher than the loudest shrick, the to the servant to follow him to receive some

I waited. I felt that the fever was mount ne to my brain, but I was cumping and

I rust, upheld by a strange strength, and I might, tottered to the window. I opened the curtains-the shutters were closed but not fastened with great difficulty, owing to sound filled it, and through the volumes of my bandaged hands, I opened them and black smike pouring out towards where I looked out. Had I not been in this strange, stood, I could discern that at the opposite half somnambulic state, I could not have done it.

I looked out-it was not quite dark : the

side the house some dark vehicles were drawn; and there the pawing and stamping of the heroes had blackened and broken up

the mow. There were torches flaring about, reld by men in fugerest garments.

I was so stopeded that I did not immeditely understand what it was; when suddenby, as the ghastly procession ranged itself in order, I saw that it was a funeral. There was with agen king distinctness, I heard the bells of the neighboring church toll-toll slowly, and then the whole array defile before th some and it took the direction, not of the church, but of the neighboring station.

It then all flashed upon me: Maynerd was going to Spevalage; that hearse which I saw was bound there, too; that bell which clanging ir my brain with such fearful and be his friend still." tragic pathos, told me with its iron tongue what it was I looked upon. This was the last that I should ever see—the last I should ever hear of Marian. I felt as if that sound had cloven me to the earth.

#### CHAPTER XII.

A long period ensued of darkness and delitum. I remember by snatches certain changes but the mass of days which passed were lost to me. I have only one distinct recollection of that time. Over and over again that spec tral-looking funeral procession over the sullied snow, the flare of the torches, and the tolling of the bell were repeated, till I wonder life did not perish in the suffering. I witnessed it as one might witness a scene is a play, but I could not escape from it. As soon as the end came, it was repeated all over again, till I became insensible; but with the miserable return of consciousness returned this nightmare of pain and horror with more and more verisimilitude, and it was rendered yet more vivid by the utter oblivion in which I remained of everything else.

I had a faint notion that I had been moved, that I had been borne through the air; but it was at intervals only, and this notion was unconnected with any feeling of leaving one place or arriving at another, and was only be-

wildering and unintelligible. At last, after a longer period of utter darkness than any that had preceded it, I clearly felt that life, sentient life, was no longer swaying backwards and forwards on a trembling balance, but was settling and righting itself. I was utterly powerless to move hand and foot, but I opened my eyes, and by the uncertain light of a flickering fire I could distinguish that I was in the small room next to the library at Speynings. For the first time for months no phantoms clouded my vision and my hearing, which seemed endowed with double its usual sentences, was no longer present with mey unreal son

I heard the aregular drop of the coal-ashe from the fire, and the crackling of the wood and the faint breathing of some one-a we nan - scated beside the curtain at the foot of I rushed to her in spite of all. There was another person also in the room seated on some low seat before the fire, for I could see the shadow of her figure on the ground as the light from the fire rose

The silence was unbroken I could make ne sign or sound, and the two persons who watched might have been statues from their motionlessness. The room was quite dark. but whether it was morning or evening I knew not. At last I heard the door open, and a footstep, so gentle that no car save one love to indifference. Well may the great poet so preternaturally acute as mine could have ess say : etected it, slowly and cautiously advance into the room.

The lady approached the person in the hair, who rose as she touched her lightly on the shoulder. I recognized her then; she was but a base and specious counterfelt he woman who had been my mother's maid, hose husband's vote I had tried to secure at the time of the election. She had nursed my mother in her last illness, and they had sent r her for me.

"Has be moved, nurse?"

lea in your room. The doctor will be bereat

The woman who auswered went away, and the lady having bent over me, and listened attentively, took her place.

I recognized, by the height and the figure, Nora Maynard.

As she turned round to the fire she was est aware that there was some one before it, She started, but, controlling herself, in a very hushed whisper asked-

My poor Fanny! what are you doing Have you not been in bed all light !

"How wrong' and you are only just on bed yourself you will be ill again

There was no answer, and again a dead si are Presently Fanny rose and approache She knelt beside it, and stooped ow over it; but from the position in which my head was placed she could not see my

"How long. Nors, did the doctor say the laterate manual land "

Nora hesitated. " If he did not regain his consciousness he round die, he said, did he not?" Let us hope-" said Nora, very laintly,

Fanny turned, and kneeing on the ground, as she was, but her head down on bed, and supporting myself as best | Nora's knee, and I could see that her whole frame trembled with the violence of her emotion.

oor Nora, bending over her.

" I must

"Ob, Fanny, I do not understand you; is very sail, very dreadful, poor man, but-

nance; a dissumance not in the harmony it | which had sat the musicians. The whole of | the sky. As far as could be seen, one carpet | which was so peculiarly her own, "I have | though so much dross and corruption had | loved him all my life; bush, he will never know it, he is dying."

"Loved him !" "Yes; when I was a child I was takeht, persuaded, encouraged to love him by his mother. When I was a girl it was the same, she hoped and led me to hope he leved me; he was so good, so loveable then; we were so happy; those impressions, Nora, are insi- and ruln? The confession I had overheard facable; then came your sister, and all was carse, and then, as if rung on my brain changed. I kept away-saw little of himbut it was too late to undo what had grow; with my growth, and mixed indelibly with every feeling of my heart. I could subdue the expression of it, and he never ever guessed it but his mother understood me, and when she died in my arms she prayed me by that love, although I had then overome h, to forgive his wrongs to her, and to

"I always thought you hated him.

"One day, inspired by some regret for the east, he began speaking to me with something of the old affection; but as I knew that he was unchanged towards Marian, though she was then not free, my anger and scorn knew

"And then?"

"We became entirely estranged, and I thought my heart was completely hardened against him; but when I saw, some time after his marriage, how he needed friends, when I could trace some of the old kindness of heart in many of his acts at Speynings, my heart shook off that foolish resentment, and I remembered my promise to his mother, and I resolved to be again his friend."

" My poor Fanny !" You may well pity me;" and the tears hoked her voice as she drooped her head lower and lower to Nora's very feet. "It was very hard to see him suffer, to read it in his altered face, and to know it was irrevocable. Nora, had it been possible I could have knelt at Marian's feet to beseech her to love him, but that she never did. Her strange nduct to me at Talbot House, half pity and half scorn, finally opened my eyes; she had read my secret, though no one else had, and I determined to leave Speynings for ever.

" But, Fanny, you knew all his faults?"

"I have heard you say he was often very elfish ?"

"Yes." "Weak-fickle?"

" Yes."

Nora kissed the hands which were clasped ver the head.

"Nors," said Fanny, in almost a solemn olce, " is it not the essential attribute of love hat it has insight? I saw evil, but I knew here was good which could overcome it: it been! ad been there once. God knows I did no wrong to Marian even in my most secret lought, or in my most inmost heart, or I that I'm going away." ould not speak so now ; you know I tried to ave her life at the puril of my own for his ocke. I did not know Hubert was there when

"You did-you did, though Maynard held yu back."

"Think if there could be wrong to her in ny love when I can thus speak of it to her

ster, and when he is dying." And again tears choked her voice And this love had been beside me all my life, and I was as ignorant of it as a blind man is of a star. Oh. fool! oh. idiot!-and I dared to call that feeling love which custom. satiety, faults in another had so changed from

Those were loved

Who dream they leved on Here was love, and mire for Marian had been

Had I already passed the portals of the grave and listened to the speech of angels !-If so, it could not have been with a more complete sense of renunciation and divorce

It seemed to me that I was shown, as be "No, ma'am."

"It is six o'clock; you had better go and been bestowed on me, and of which I had taken no account. What might have b -what never could be !- I was dying! It was well to die, having foregone such happi ness, and inflicted and endured such miss

Saldenly, Fanny, who had been quit still and passive for a few minutes, raised her hend. "Den't cry about me, Nora; I feel your

warm tears over my hand. But, darlingmy own dear Nora, you will understand why I came here for the last night."

Must you leave us to-day?" "Yes, my aunt wants me more than you do, and, besides, I can take that poor little

"What shall I do without you for so man;

months ! " It was settled so long ago. I cannot after it now .- I have no right to do so; but, Nora you will lot me know whatever happens, directly,-do not delay."

Again there was a pause, and then they card, as well as I did, the distant sound of

Fanny rose to her feet: "I must be gone before Dr. Conway come

She stooped over the bed, and those soft, pure lips breathed a prayer over me which was like a blessing. She paused one minute and her tears fell warm on my forehead; and then she left the room. The doctor came

Reader, I did not die.

There is a strange reparative power in al of us, born of the soul, but which influences the body. That spring of vitality had been touch ed in me. I recovered to the surprise of all "You must not Fanny, must not," said I was for months a sufferer-it is possible that all my life I shall be an invalid, but I have regained sufficient health to be able to work | errors at the work which was given me to do in this world. I think that ere long I proved to "Nors," said Fanny, raising her small the loving soul, which had so gently scanned tongues licked the roof over the gallery in early dawn of a winter morning was gray in head with that singular dignity of bearing my soul, that the true inscription was there,

covered it.

Many months passed before Fanny and I met again. The innocent gladness with which she congratulated me on my recovery pieced me to the heart. If smid what Patmore calls "the glooms of hell," some wretch should look up to a smilling angel above him, would he not have a deeper sense of his own loss had separated me from her, as from something enshrined and sainted. My reverence for that pure loving pature removed it from

Death had won for me that holy christ (the utterance of her love), but life discrowned me. I felt that a heart all scarred over with one fatal passion was not a heart that could be offered to her. I was like one who has knelt to Basl, and poured out all his wine and oil on unholy altars, when the true deity manifests itself. Where, amid those rains and that waste, can a fitting temple be erected?

But I was wrong in this as in all, and slowly I learned it.

If the voice of love calls to us-though we are buried in sin and misery, sepulchred in corruption, with the defeature of death on our brows and the grave-clothes on our limbs -we must come forth and obey it.

One evening, about eighteen months after Fanny's return to the Maynards, I called at a lodge in which lived that old servant of my mother's who had nursed me in my last se vere illness. She was a widow now and had removed here near her old home. She was dying, poor woman, of consumption. When I entered the parlor the little servant who waited on her told me Miss Fanny was with her, and asked me to wait. I consented. The parlor opened out of the bed-room, and I could hear Fanny's gentle voice reading to her. I heard the words distinctly, and they lost none of their soothing and healing powe on me when uttered by that voice. When Fanny had finished she asked the poor creature if she could do anything for her, or bring anything the next day.

"No, ma'am. I have everything I car want; the squire lets me want for nothing. He is very good-his mother's own son, after

I did not hear Fanny's reply.

"I do wish he looked happier like." "He has suffered a good deal."

"Yes, ma'am; but there's no reason h shouldn't get over it. He did his duty to her, if any man did." Fanny was again inaudible. "But you would make him happier, Miss

Please, don't be angry with me-it's flying in the face of Providence not to see it;and how glad Madam Spencer would have

"Hush!" I heard Fanny say; "you must not speak so, Susan. It would vex me but

Lor, Miss, don't say so. When ?" " Not yet, Susan ; but you know I go always at this time for my six months' visit to Scot-

shipped out and resolved to return the next I turned into the avenue and paced it up

and down. At last Fanny came out, and I met her at the gate as she turned in the direction of the rectory.

me. Yes, it must soon be over. She is a faith-

ful, good creature." "Yes, she is such a link with the past that to me it will be really a great loss .--There is so little left now of the old time at

Spey nings-These words seemed to drop from her un-"Worse than nothing," I replied, " for that

which is left there is so unworthy of that time-She interrupted me quickly.

"Do not speak so. I was foolish."

"Just-only just," "No, not just. You have done all you quer." could. If the dead could speak with my lips, they would say you had done w

And for the first time, in her emotion, for

ong years, she called me by that name. Fanny," I said, "have you forgiven me, then,-have you felt that if repentance, devoion, reverence, could merit forgiveness, I was not unworthy-

" I have nothing to forgive; no one has been more sorry for you in your grief; no one has so truly wished to see you happy once more.

"Happiness is a word that has no meaning in it for me; for years I sought it, regardless of everything but my own seldsh interpretaion of it, and it has left a bitter and deadly taste in me. I need pardon, compassion, love -will you forgive, will you pity, will you

She started and turned pale.

"Speak, Fanny: I can bear rejection; I have nerved myself to do so, for I know my unworthiness; but I wish you to know, come what may, that my whole heart is yours. Will you accept it ?

Her hand fell in mine as she murmured-

" Will you take my life to unite to yoursrours so good, pure, true; mine so full of soils and stains?" " Yes."

"Let me keed to thank God-to thank ou for this goodness, and to swear to you you shall not repent it." "It is not goodness, Hubert, for I have al-

How can I convey in words the expression of her face, the tone of her voice, when she said this? But I was lifted by them into a region high above all past sorrows and

Love, like death, unlocks the porta-Through which souls redeemed go, And the mortal to immortal Passes with transfigured brow

And I can say in concluding this chronicle of my early life, that the glow of heart which was excited by Fanny's words never faded Hin my life I have avoided evil or inclined to good, those words were my shield and my talisman. I had loved with the lower part of my mature, and that love had swathed, bound, and covered me from truth and beaven. I was now loved, and I loved with a and parifying love, and my soul was revealed and made free fane love of Titian was to me a fact, and not an allegory. THE END.

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### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Henry Peterson, Editor.

#### PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communica-

### JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST IOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike man-

ner, and on reasonable terms. Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third nd Fourth Streets.)

#### FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

Singularly enough, right in the midst of the great Union successes-including the capture of Norfolk and New Orleans-come new and apparently well-founded rumors of foreign interference.

It is said that Louis Napoleon is pressing the British Ministry with solicitations to join im in a "moral" intervention.

The unexplained visit of the French Amassador to Richmond, and the recent letter of the commander of the French vessel of war at New Orleans to Commodore Farragut, saying that the United States Govern-ment would be held responsible for all injury to the property of French citizens in case of a bombardment of the city, unless "sixty days notice" was given, are rather suspicious ndications that Louis Napoleon is not so faithful as we might wish him to the old traditions of France relative to the American

Union. The action of the French Emperor in Mexico-including what seems to be at this distance a shameless breach of faith-also is calculated to create doubt of the wisdom of his American policy.

We see it stated that the distinguished writer, "M. Michel Chevalier, in the Revue des deux Mondes, attempts to explain and justify the French intervention in Mexico. Its ob ject, he says, is to rear to the south of the I would not overhear more, but gently United States a strongly organized power, which may prevent the unlimited aggrandizement of an aggressive race. The means to this end he finds in the creation of a monarchy. No dictation is to be used, but once the French are encamped in the espital, Mexico will accept a sovereign who ought, "Poor Susan is sinking fast," she said to he considers, to be a descendant of Charles the Fifth. This monarch, once elected, must be maintained, and as England will not as sist, and Germans are out of the question, the Mexican guard must for some years be composed of French. The article is of importance, for M. Chevalier is a favorite at the Tuilcries, and expresses, there is little reason

to doubt, the Emperor's own ideas." Of course the above bears equally against the rebels as ourselves, both being classed as Intervention itself, "an aggressive race." however, even though on the face of it favorable to the rebels would be in truth designed to obtain the mastery of both partieson the old Roman maxim, " Divide and coa-

It is stated that the emancipation of the slaves by the Confederate states is also a part of the French programme, in order to recor cile said interference to the public opinion of Europe.

But, whatever France may design, we think that England, in the present aspect of affairs, will not dream of uniting with her. The opening of three of the cotton ports-

including the great port of New Orleansin England. So far as the restoration of trade is concerned, both England and France would gain nothing, while they would lose that of the Northern and Middle states, as well as of the cotton districts. A little while now, in

all probability, and they will have both Southern cotton and Northern orders for merchandize. While any intervention in favor of the rebels, would dash to the ground all immediate prospect of either. It would save money for England and France to support their hungry operatives for a time, rather than incur the cost and dis-

grace of a selfish and unholy war with the

American Union. We cannot believe that there is any serious danger of an Intervention. Still, as it is possible, so long as the rebeltion lasts, we trust that the recruiting offices will be reopened, and the recent losses of our armies from battle and disease be fully repaired. Let the building of ironaides also go on at the most rapid rate. And let the rebellion be "pushed to the wall" by an array of force that shall speedily make it utterly hopeless, and deprive our enemies abroad of even the alightest pretext for interfering.

### MANASSAS.

Mr. Pierce Butler, a subscriber of THE POST at Manassas, Va., writes to us when reordering his paper :-

Can you send me the back numbers for last year, or, what I would more prefer, be-gin now and send the paper for this year in-

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, MAY 24, 1862.

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trevide; come and see the classic ground, and call on us.

Of course we should like very much to ac cept Mr. Butler's invitation—and would remay visit Manassas to Mr. Butler's hospita-

Relative to the back numbers of THE POST. owing to our southern subscribers in places where the mails are being restored, it is our intention to supply them out of the current numbers of the paper, and not out of the old ones,—this being most convenient to us, and doubtless agreeable to them.

#### THE ENGLISH EXHIBITION.

The new English International Exhibition was opened with imposing ceremonies on the first of May. It promises to be a success. The French and Russian contributions are highly spoken of. The American are very few-though Mr. W. W. Story, of Boston, son of Judge S.ory, contributes, it is admitted, the best specimens of statuary in the Exhibition.

Mr. Tennyson's new cantata, for which Prof. Bennett composed the music, was sung at the opening. We give it in full as follows: Unlift a thousand voices full and sweet,

In this wide hall with earth's invention stored, And praise the invisible universal Lord. Who lets once more in peace the nations meet, Where Science, Art and Labor have outpoured Their myriad horus of plenty at our feet.

Oh, silent father of our kings to be, Mourned in this golden hour of our jubiles, For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

The world-compelling plan was thine, And lo! the long, laborious miles Of Palace; led the giant aisles, Rich in model and design; Harvest tool and husbandry Loom and wheel and engin'ry, Secrets of the sullen mine, Steel and gold, and corn and wine Fabric rough, or Fairy fine, Sunny tokets of the Line, Polar marvels, and a feast Of wonder, out of West and Kast, And shapes and hues of Part divine All of beauty, all of use, That one fair planet can produce

Brought from under every star. Blown from over every main, And mixt, as life is mixt with pain, The works of peace with works of wa

Oh, ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign From growing commerce loose her latest chain.

And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly To happy havens under all the sky,

And mix the seasons and the golden hours, Till each man finds his own in all men's go And all men work in noble brotherhood, And ruling by obeying Nature's powers, And gathering all the fruits of peace and crowned with all her flowers.

### ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

This year's exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts is the most brilliant that we have had for years. The number of new picture is more than usually great, as there are comparatively few old acquaintances from private collections; while this year, for the first time the North Gallery, popularly known as the Chamber of Horrors, is transformed almost beyond recognition by the erection of tempo rary walls, reaching about two-thirds of the way to the ceiling, and bung with fresh, bright, modern pictures, over the tops of which Death on the Pale Horse, the Dead Man restored, and the other respectable old aborigines of the Academy, peep furtively, like dim ghosts waiting on the other side of

Among all this array of new paintings there are, as usual, some of eminent excellence; a much larger number just missing the genuine touch of truth and nature, lacking which crity; while a few-but few, this year-are fearfully and wonderfully framed, in order, it would appear, to show fully what a picture should not be. These last, with the amiability which our readers acknowledge as the distinguishing characteristic of THE Post, we forbear to particularize.

One of the pictures which most command the attention of those entering the South-East Gallery is a full-length portrait of Edwin Booth as Iago, by Thomas Hicks of New York; a picture equally admirable for its artistic merits, its faithfulness as a likeness, and the commentary its expression forms upon the charac er represented.

Weber, Hamilton, the Moran and Van Starkenborg brothers, and W. T. Richards, are well and fully represented. The last named who, not long ago, was generally calied "a young artist of promise," is changing promise into performance. Faithful and conscientious adherence to the very letter of Nature's word marks his works, and promises much for his future. His little "Scene from Nature" in the Rotunda is worth studying as in every line and tint, yet with no obtrusive literalness

Paul Weber gives us several scenes from Sectland and Wales, with all the harmony. the fullness, and the atmospheric depths which characterize his paintings beyond most others. Gaze on the purple depths of his 'Loch Katrine," or the rushing water of the shade-embowered "Mouth of the Conway, North Wales," and the perfect and pre eminent chador which sees and perpetuates such beauty grows into your heart; the candor of me the news. I set him down at once for a race with him, have given up long ago and

"Having walked with Nature, Has offered, far as frailty would allow, His heart a daily sacrifice to Truth."

stead? My address last year was Centreville, Fairfax county, Va. Now it is Manasass Japetion, Va. The battle of the 18th of
fully was on my farm, and as I cannot farm
it, I will entertain visitors to this place. I
have a Buil Run, between Manassas and Cenlive on Buil Run and South Carelina Free.

The following important order by GenHunter, of the Department of the South, was
liquer, never went to the theatre, never such a law of the callent of the south of the sout ame wail of pain goes up from it still Drear Egypt 'mid beleaguering sands" is a the

very striking picture; and still more is that painted poem, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" Here the setting sun hangs lurid and threatening on the horizon, and his rays strike a flery pathway across the long surge of the

"Hollow ocean ridges roaring down in cata racts,"

as they rush on to break on the white beach. and tear at the half submerged wreck to bear t back again into the hungry, fearful ocean. Schussele has a very striking scene of Zeisberger preaching to the Delaware Indians," The dark faces lit up by fire-light and moonlight, are wonderfully natural and Indian like in their various expressions, while the fine figure of the preacher stands with upraised hands and earnest pleading face, pouring the "glad tidings of great joy" into their cars and hearts. E. Moran's "Valley in the Sea," in the same apartment (the North-East Gallery,) is a remarkable piece of oloring, and the opacity of the water light above is finely given, but the foreground lacks any feeling of the water medium through which we are supposed to view it Near by is a delightful little picture, "A Sunny Day in the Forest," by A. Wust. It is beautiful enough to carry those " in moisome city pent" into the heart of its forest delights

We regret to see so few crayon drawings in the Rotunda this year. They usually form an attractive part of the exhibition. Some pen and ink drawings, by T. C. Farrer, are very clever, and very much in the style of Millals. There are some exquisite little paintings of mossy nests with speckled treasures within, nestled in English flowers which are household words of poetry; each little idyl made tragic by the pretty mother-bird lying dead beside it. They are by Crnikshanks, the well known English artist.

But we are extending our remarks to catalogue, and must put a period to them without having mentioned a titbe of the pic tures which attract and interest the visitors to this Thirty-Ninth Annual Exhibition of the

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS, and Across the Rocky Mountains to California. By RICHARD F. BURTON, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," &c. With Illustrations .-Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia.

MARGARET HOWTH. A Story of To-Day Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila, LIVE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. New Edition—i Volumes. Published by Ticknor & Fields,

THE INDIAN SCOUT. BY GUSTAVE AIMARI Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. THE OLD JUDGE; or, Life in a Colony By JUDGE HALIBURTON. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. For sale by T. B.

Peterson & Bros., Phila. AGNES OF SORRENTO, By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

JOURNAL OF ALFRED ELY: A Prisoner of War in Richmond. Edited by CHARLES LANMAN. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Willis P. Hazard,

BRAUTIES, SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS F THOMAS DE QUINCY, author of "Confes sions of an English Opium Eater." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

THE REJECTED STONE; or, Insurrection versus Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. Second edition. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

PRISON LIFE IN THE TOBACCO WARE IOUSE AT RICHMOND. By a Bail's Bluff Prisoner, Lieut. W. C. HARRIS, of Col. Baker's California Regiment. Published by Geo. W. Childs, Philada.

27" Some ten years since, an old Dutchman purchased, in the vicinity of Brooklyn, snug little farm for \$9,000. Last week a ot of land speculators called on him to "buy out." On asking his price, he said he would take "\$60,000-no less." "And how much o remain on bond and mortgage " " Nin tousand." "And why not more?" asked the the Merrimac "astonished the Yankeea," would-be purchasers. "Because der tam place Ay, but didn't the Monitor astonish her ! ain't worth any more."

A liberal English statesman, writing correspondent in Boston, remarks .ent troubles are over, you will have more friends in England than ever before. This of each other's good judgment in their preexcitement and discussion and increased information will have done much good, and be more really friendly than the past has

12 I never (says Quilp) bear any malice wards the man who, without malice, says an evil thing of me with no intention that I shall hear of it. I do the same thing to others -perhaps to him. In fact, with few excepus, everybody talks about everyl ody whom he thinks worth mentioning. And what of it? Nothing-unless some tale-bearer chooses. They think, because Time is old that they to make mischief. Accordingly, in such a can beat him, but we'll bet on him for a long case my quarrel is with the man who brings run-a good many of our friends who began my enemy, or the weakest and most trouble- withdrawn from the track. my books as soon as possible.

If Weber may stand for the Wordsworth of his art, Hamilton is its Byron. He shows us force in Virginia at 300,000—two-thirds of out of his chin by the roots. A second Abstract of them involuntarily exclaimed. "What should we have done if these cassed Yankees a nature powerful, beautiful, terrible; but it which are with Gen. McClellan. (Doubtful.) salom.

from Capt. Boggs, addressed to his family in New Jersey, in which a graphic description is given of the gallant part which the gunboat Varuna bore in the terrible contest on the Mississippi. We quote:

"Yesterday our great battle was fought. The squadron passed the forts under as acvers fire as any fleet probably ever endured. The ships were much cut up, and there were many killed and wounded.

"I can only give you a hasty narrative of what occurred on board the Varuna, as in that you will take a special interest.

that you will take a special interest, "We started at 2 o'clock, A. M., and re-"We started at 2 o'clock, A. M., and received the first fire at 3.80, just as the moon was rising. My vessel was terribly bruised, but we returned the fire with interest. On passing the forts I found myself the leading ship, and surrounded by a squadron of rebel steamers, who annoyed me much by their fire; so that I steered as close to them as possible, giving to each a broadside in succession as I passed; driving one on shore, and leaving four others in finmes.
"During this time the firing of guns, whist-

and leaving rour others in finines.

"During this time the firing of guns, whistling of shot and bursting of shells, was terrible; the smoke dense. As this cleared off,
finding more steamers ahead, I stopped to
look for the rest of the squadron. The ship
was leaking badly; but thus far none were
hurt. Astern I saw the Oneida engaged with
a rebel stoamer. The latter shortly after came
up the river, when I engaged him, but found
my shot of no avail, as he was Iron-clad
about the bow. He tried to run me down;
and I to avoid him and reach his vulnerable
paris. During these movements he raked
me, killing three and wounding seven, and
attempted to beard; but we repulsed him.
Driving against me, be battered me severely;
but in these efforts exposed his vulnerable
side, and I succeeded in plaating a couple of
broadsides into him, that crippled his engine and set him on fire. He then dropped
off, and as he moved slowly up the river and
passed me I gave him another and parting
broadside.

"I now found my ship on thre from his During this time the firing of guns, whist-

passed me I gave him another and parting breadside.

"I now found my ship on fire from his shells, and it was with great difficulty that it was put out. Just then snother iron-chad steamer bore down and struck heavily on my port quarter, and backed oif for a second blow. This second blow crushed in my side, but at the same instant I gave him a full complement of shot and shell that drove him on shore and in flames.

"Finding myself in a sinking condition, I ran my bow into the bank and landed my wounded, still keeping up a fire on my first oppenent, who at last haulded down his flag. My last gun was fired as the decks went under the water.

"No time to save anything, the officers and crews eccaping with the clothes they had on their backs.

We were taken off by boats from the squadron, who had now come up, the crews cheering as the Varuna went down with her flag flying, victorious in defeat, and covered with glory.

"I think we have Jone well. Eleven

"I think we have done well. Eleven steamers destroyed by the squadron." The old ran Manassas sunk by the Mississippi. "This has been a gailant fight; no less than 170 guns playing on us. "The Commodore, as a post of honor, dispatched me in my only remaining boat, with a picked crew from the Varuna's men, to carry dispatches to tion. Butler.

a picked crew from the Varuna's men, to carry dispatches to Gen. Butler.

"Having been in the boat for twenty-six hours, after such a day's previous work, you may imagine I am somewhat exhausted.— What my next position may be I do not know—perhaps to go home for another ship, or possibly to become naval aid to—Major-General Butler."

[\*Capt. Boggs is too modest to say that he de royed six out of the eleven. - Ed.]

There has been some regret that Far ragut has not a more euphonious name. A gentleman with slight German proclivities says that it is not to be complained of-that it is, in truth, " ferry goot,"

TA cockney sportsman gave a high tigure for a well-bred pointer, but the poor cockney did not know what pointing was. So when the creature made a point, lifting a eg as usual and standing motioniess, on cockney friend declared he had the cramp, and took him up in his arms and carried hin

He who promises rashly, will break

The London papers state the iro plates employed for casing the war vessels in the French navy, are far superior to the iron plates made in England.

\*\* " MISTER MAGNANIMITY, father wants the loan of your newspaper for a few miautes, if you please." "Run back, my boy, and tell your father that I will lend him my breakfast with pleasure; but I haven't got through with my paper yet."

"I swear, by those blue eyes and red lips, that I love you! said a modern Romeo to his Juliet. "And if my eyes were red, and my lips blue, would you love me still?" were sent to us with the flag of truce to be exchanged. Halleck had ordered everybedy away from his lines, including newspaper correspondents. and my lips blue, would you love me still? asked the lady. The gentleman slunk away abashed.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the monning of the sea

The Lynchburg Virginian boasts that

22" If parents differ in their ideas of education, let them take a proper opportunity of discussing the matter in freedom and I have a strong belief that when your pre- kindness; but do not let them weaken the respect of their children, by expressing doubts sence.

With what different eyes do we view a specimen of this faithfulness. The trees, I think the future of the two nations may an action, when it is our own, and when it is flutter," who formerly kept a shop under the another's!

"If ever you have a dispute with any one about money," said a seedy fellow to a rich friend, "just leave it to me."

Important to Anglers-One rol is equal to one perch. An ogly baby is an impossibility.

RUNNING AGAINST TIME. -- They M getting up trotting matches "against Time"

some of friends, whom I am to cross out of One of the workmen employed in the W Six "ladies" of Newburn, N C who Holyoke machine works in Massachusets, have to thank the U.S. troops for their daily The N Y. Commercial Advertiser es- was recently caught by his long beard in the bread, recently chanced to meet, when o

Hunter, of the Department of the South, was issued from his hondquarters, at Hilton Head, S. C., on the 9th of May:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF

selves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it became a military necessity to declare them under martial law. This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April, 1862. Slavery and martial law in a free country are altoge-ther incompatible. The persons in these three States, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, heretofore held as alaves, are therefore de-clared forever free.

heretofore held as slaves, are therefore de-clared forever free.

"[Official.] DAVID HUNTER,

"Major-General Commanding."
ED. W. SMITH, Acting Assistant General."
Gen, Hunter, having indubitable evidence that the rebels had impressed and armed the slaves, was organizing a Negro Brigade, and had detailed some officers to train the contrabands to the use of arms. Considerable progress had been made, and the number of negroes at the different points was so great that no difficulty was apprehended in enlisting a corps sufficiently large to garrison all the fortifications at and near Port Royal.

Major Pangborne, of the army, who has just returned from Port Royal, states that the educational system that has been improvised for the benefit of contrabands does not work

for the benefit of contrabands does not wor

for the benefit of contrabands does not work well, but that some two thousand acres of land are in cultivation by them under the supervision of suitable business persons. Major P<sub>s</sub> states that hundreds of the army intend to locate themselves upon the "Sea Islands" after the close of the war.

Amid regions of swamps are found large and fertile plantations, which are as blooming gardens of fruits and flowers. The grand old mansions have been deserted by their owners, but one has been protected by the military on account of its being the property of descendants of General Greene, of Revolutionary fame. The land on which it is located was granted to him by the state of South Carolina, for his great service in feecing the South from the control of the British forces.

#### NEWS ITEMS.

A "Colouted Bindans" is now in course of formation in New York, and is to consist of five regiments, and the command is to be tendered to John Creighton, late Lieut. Cel. of "Billy Wisson's" Regiment. The uniforms are aiready completed. They are uniforms are aiready completed. They so of the Zonave pattern. Recruiting has be of the Zouace pattern. Recruiting has been going on for some time by the Government, and there are now about 1,600 names on the muster roll. The matter is causing quite a flurry among our colored population. The entire brigade will be 4,000 men. The charter of yeasels to convey the brigade to its destination—wherever that may be—was to day a subject of negotiation between the Government agent and private parties.—Philadel-phila Leibert.

phia Ledger.

The Ordinance Burcau of the Navy Department entered into a contract with Mr Knap, of the Fort Pitt Iron Works, Pitts burg, for monster cannon, with a calibre of 20 inches, throwing a ball weighing 1,000 lbs With a sufficient charge of powder of superior quality, it is thought that a range of nearly 8 miles can be obtained for this terrible projectile. The gun is to be of the Dahlgren pattern, and constructed on the Rodman principle. The same establishment has an order for 50 Dahlgren guns of 15-inch bore.

CAPTURE OF GUNS AT NORFOLK .-- Gen

Wool says:-- As far as I have been able to ascer min. stationed at the Navy Yard, Crancy Island

stationed at the Navy Yard, Uraney Island, Sewall's Point, and other places."

BEACKROAND is said to have asked of Gen, Halleck an armistice for ten days, which the latter held under advisement.

Isaac Newton, of Phitadelphia, has been nominated by the President as Commissioner of Agriculture under the new Department and

FROM Banks' column we have a report the his promise with the same ease as he army have occupied Staunton. In a skirmish

Front Royal the 28 h Pennsylvania re-

ment lost 14 men killed. generat test 14 men killed.

GEN. Woor, has been confirmed by the Senate as Major-General, for gallant services in the capture of Norfolk. The Secretary of War has also issued an order thanking Wool and his men for that capture.

A REBEL haval officer, who accompanied a thug of truce sent by Beauropard lately to Halleck's army, admitted that Pensacola had been captured by the U. 8. forces. Deserters from the rebel army were coming daily into the U.S. lines by squads, and they all agree that the rebels are still at Corinth for ifying Sixty-one men, captured at Breaden, Tor

THE Fugitive Stave law is being quietly least 400 cases pending.

> Compared to Handel, is a ninny White others say that to him Handel Is hardly fit to hold a candle, Strange that such difference should be

Twist Tweedledom and Tweedledee.

- Ilmin South When Gen. Butler took possession of

Baltimore, shortly after the breaking out of the war, the New Orleans Journals made nerry at his expense, and declared he was an old colored barber, known as "Picayune At Charles Hotel in the Crescent City.

LW A poet in a recent poem speaks of a mbrace as-

One kiss whose stolen sweetness all hanguage outstrips : Twee the wild world of love in one contact of Lignar

Twas a whole wedded life, with its joy and its In one clasp of the arms, in one pant of the Twas ocean, the mighty, with wide leagues of

in a cup; 'two eternity crushed to a moment'

hadn't come?"

broke the Sabbath, never wore williakers, and never kissed any woman but his wife.

THE S-CTH, HILTON HEAD S.C., May 9th, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.—The three States of Georgis, Florida and South Carolina, comprising the Military Department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves and the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south that the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south that the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south to be south to be south the south having deliberately declared themselves are south to be south to be south the accumulating money which they can never enjoy, the principal cause of the modern dis order of dyspepsia prevalent among them, their irrational habit of interfering with the process of digestion by terturing attempts at repartce, and racking their brain, at a mo-ment when it should be calm, to remind themselves of some anecdote so appropriate that they have forgotten it.

The Rural Register states that the grass of lawns should not be cut too frequently, and in the first season after sowing the scythe should not be allowed to touch it.

We may compare the soul of men to linen cloth; it must be first washed to take off the native hue and color, and to make it white; and afterwards it must ever and anon. be washed to preserve it white.

We don't want men who will change, ike the vanes of our steeples, with the course of every breeze; but men who, like meun tains, will change the course of the wind.

A scat in the English Parliament costs omething. Bir Thomas G. Hasketh recently ent himself elected to the House of Common at a cost, to himself, of \$60,000. DISTINGUISHED HONOR.—Mason

Slidell, done in wax, have appeared in Madame Tussaud's celebrated London collection. The wife of an Illinois volunteer ha been commissioned a major by the governor She has followed her bushand into battle after battle, and amid the flying balls attend ed upon the dying and wounded soldiers on the gory field. By this lady's outracking her husband, the doctrine of "woman's rights" has received a curious indorsement from Gov. Yates, of Illinois.

It is impossible to look at the sleeper n a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

# Smart Boy "Say, Sam, bub was in quiring after you." Som—"Bute? what bub?" Smart Boy—"Beelzebub!"

The people of Florence have placed tablet to Mrs. Browning's memory on the Casa Guidi, where she resided, and from whose "windows" she looked with such en thusia-m on the first outbreak of Italian free dom, and with such bitter grief at its first defeat.

18" We do not easily discover our ow faults; the clearest eyes do not see the cheeks below nor the brow above.

23" An inscription, it is said, may be founn an Italian graveyard :-" Here lies Etella who transported a large fortune to heaven it acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy

t帝 Licut, Whipple, in his memoir of tra vels in California, states that there is a spring of cool, sweet water in San Diego county, not far from the desert, which has no power of quenching thirst.

A number of ladies in Chicago me one afternoon recently, and accomplished over a mile and a quarter of sewing, on mattress sacks, for the wounded Western sol diers

It is remarkable that in proportion as the enginery of war is improved, the destruction of life is deminished. To have taken Fort Pulaski by the old method would have involved the shughter of hundreds; to take it by means of the latest improvements in ar tillery, cost the life of but one man!

Cor. Magruder had two Col. Wallaces in his army at Yorktown one of whem, like the General himself is an inveterate whiskey drinker. They ought to call him Corn Wallace

### FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer Great Eastern arrived at New on Saturday.

The Paris Intricol the 4th inst., asserts that M. Mercier, the French Minister to Washington, had a long conference with Jufferson Davis, at Rechmond, and that the step taken by M. Mercier is entirely of a step taken by M. Mercier is entirely of a most of the step political character, and is known by President

Morning Herald argues from the reports of M. Mercier's visit to Richmond that the beginning of the end is not far detact. It says France and England softer more than neutrals ever suffered from any contest, and both begin to regard the war as interminable

and afrocious.

It was reported that Garibaldi had resigned the command of the Geneese volunteers, and it was believed that the curps would be disbanded.

would be disbanded.

A neeting attended by about 6 000 people, was held at Aston under Lyne, to consider he crisis in the cotton districts. A motion adding on the Government to recognize the confederate States, and adopt Mr. Cobden's proposed alteration in maritime law, was proposed. An amendment was offered cultimag on the Governments of America England and France to crush the reteillion, but,

on a division, the originally.

ried by a considerable majority.

Times to bushes a letter from The London Times publishes a letter from Mr. Russell, explaining the difficulties thrown n his way by Secretary Stanton, when he ought to visit the British man-of war Hinal-o. He say the difficult es amounted virtually

Mr. Hussell, explaining the difficulties thrown in his way by Secretary Stanton, when he sought to visit the British man-of war Binaldo. He say, the difficulties amounted victually to a probabition, and he thinks that Secretary Stanton would order away the Rinaldo if he diared.

The London Times says the English Government may gradually withdrawn even the originally small scake in the initiary part of the enceptize in Mexico, and we have now little beyond a moral participation in the past and guarantees for the intuite as are found to be obtainable, and we want a thing more.

A letter from Mexico, in the Monitour, comments on the inviterable conduct of the Mexico government asserts that there is a probability that the French army and not detay in marching on the cry of Mexico.

At Genera a most starting robustry had been perpetrised. Six thieves, struct with pixtols and daggers, entered one of the principal branes, genoted the efficials, and made off with 800,990 francs.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

The Advance Within 15 Miles of Rickmond.

OUR IRON-CLADS REPULSED PROM FORT DARLING.

THE NAPOATECE'S BIG OFN EXPLODED.

PROM GEN. HALLECK'S ARMY.

MINCRILLANHOUS, Ac.

Expedition up the Pennunky River—Two Rebel Sissaners and Twesty Echoeners Desireyed.

Handquartens Amet or yes Portonac.)
White Hours, May 17, 10,30 P. M. (To the Hon. R. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: A combined naval and army expedition, under Capt. Murray, U. S. navy, with froops and artillery under Major Williard and Capt. Ayres of the army, went some twenty-five niles up the Pamunky river to-day, and forced the rebels to destroy two steamers and some twenty schooners.

The expedition was admirably managed, and all concerned deserve great credit.

The roads are now improving.

Onono El. McClellan,
Major-General Commanding.

GENERAL McCLELLAN's advance guard has reached the crossing of the Chickshominy River and driven the enemy across. This is 15 miles from Richmond.

Our Iron-Clads Repulsed from Fort Dar-ling---Explosion of the Naugatuck's

Big Gum.
Washinoton, May 17, 11 o'clock, P. M.—
The following dispatch has just been received at the War Department:—
Williamshure, May 17.—To the Hon.
Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.—
The gunboats Galena, Monitor, Aristock, Naugatuck and Port Royal, were repuised from Fort Darling, seven miles below Richmond, resterday.

Tangance of them have returned to Jamestown Island, near this place, in James river.

Licut Morris, commanding the Port Royal,
sent overland to us this morning for Intelligence regarding the forts below the island,
and also to assist in burying the dead which
he brought down with him. Seventeen bodies have been buried on the banks of the
river, and there are a number of wounded on

dies have been buried on the banks of the river, and there are a comber of wounded on board, including Lieut. Morris himself. The 100 pounder of the Naugatuck explo-ded at the first fire. (Signed) DAVID CAMPBELL, Cot. 5th Cavalry. (By authority of Gen. G. B. McCiellan.) The Repulse of the Iron-Clads in the James River.

Washisoton, May 18.—No official report of the gunboat affair on the James river has been received at the Navy Department. The messages received on the subject indicate an opportunity to do better in the future. The river is now clear of obstructions to within 7 miles of Richmond. At that point there is a heavy battery mounted on a high bloff, and the river is temporarily closed to navigation by sunten vessels, among which are said to be the Yorktown and Jame stown, and by piles, chains, etc. The Monitor could not elevate her guns sufficiently to reach the high bat-tery, which rendered her necless. The banks of the river were filled with rifle pits, from which an incessant fire was poured upon thee, a part of which was engaged at fr six hundred to one thousand yards of the main battery. After an action of four hours, the fleet, finding it impracticable under the circumstances to silence the battery on the binf, withdrew. Our less was threen killed and eleven wounded. Among the latter was Lieut. Morris in the leg by a Minic ball, but

Latest from General Hallock Active Shirmishing.

Berone Contern, May 17.—The latest advices from General Curtls are that his forces are between Lessey and Little Rock, Ark, and are rapidly marching on the state conital.

Gov. Rector has called or the militia and people generally, to come out, and la numbers have applied to General Cortis protection, who desire to come under the

There is a general advance along our lines

and several severe emeagements.

Gen. Soerman's division lest 44 killed and a considerable number wounded.

In attacking Russeli's house, which has been occupied for some time past by the rebels, annoying our pickets, we succeeded in criving the enemy from thair pestition back.

under tien. Sherman still occupy Russell's

house in skirmishing.
The Sth Missouri is only about 300 yards from the enemy's breastworks. Severa rifles were captured in the skirmish in the night.

Miscellaneous.

By the way of Memph's, we have details of the occupation of Pensacola. It seems that after a brisk cannonade, the vessels of the fleet sent boats astore and found the forts descried. The U.S. troops were to take possession the next day. The robels barned

possession the next day. The rebels burned the Navy Yard and forts.

Finon Fortress Monroe we have a runor that Weldon, N. C., a very unportant railroal junction, has been evacuated by the

PRINCETON, the capital of Moreer county.

been retaken.

A gang of 100 guerillas have been captured near Broomfield, Mo FROM Port Royal we learn that the negro

shis ment dist not find favor with the black

thing more.

It is stated that further reinforcements of French throps and war materiate are to be sent to Meyer.

A letter from Meylco, in the Mondeur.

Gone? In a grander form they ri Dead? We can chap their hands in ours-And wreathe their brown with immort

Wherever a noble deed is done, Tie the pulse of a Mero's bourt is stirred; Wherever right has a triumph won, There are the Hernes' voices beard.

Their armor rings on a nobler field Than the Greek and the Trojan flercely trad. For Preedom's sword is the blade they wield. And the light above is the smile of God So, in his isle of catm delight, Jason may aleep the years away, For the Heross lies, and the sky is bright, And the world is a braver world to day EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

## A LIFE'S SECRET

BY MRS. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE RARL'S DAUGHTERS,"
"THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THE YEARS GONE BY

Those readers will be disappointed who look for any very romantic denouement "A Life's Scret." The story is a short and and one. It teaches the wretchedness and evil that may result when truth is deviated from ; it teaches the lengths to which a blind. unboly desire for revenge will carry an illregulated spirit; and it also shows how, in the moral government of the world, sin casts its bateful consequences upon the innocent as well as the guilty.

When the earriage of Dr. Bevary, containing himself and Miss Owinn, drove fro Hunter's door on the unknown errand, he-Mr. Hunter-staggered to a seat, rather than walked to it. That he was very ill that day, both mentally and bodily, there was no doubt, he was only too conscious of it. Austin had said to him, " Do not return; I will manage," or words to that effect. At present Mr. Hunter felt himself incapable of re-

He sunk down in the easy chair, and closed his eyes, his thoughts thrown back to the past. An ill-starred past, one that had left its bane on his after life, whose consequences had clung to him like a covering, and must remain with him to the end of his days. It is impossible but ill doing must leave its results behind; the laws of God and man alike demand it. Mr. Hunter, in early life, had been betrayed into committing a wrong act, and Miss Gwinn, in the gratification of her passionate revenge, had visited it upon him heavily.

Heavily, most heavily was it pressing upon him now. That unhappy visit to Wales, which had led to all the evil, was especially present to his mind this evening. A hand some young man, in the first dawn of manhood, he had gone to the fashionable Welsh watering place-partly to renes a waste of strength more imaginary than real; partly in the love of roving, natural to youth; partly to enjoy a few weeks relaxation. "If you want unusually respectable lodgings, go to Miss Gwinn's house on the South Parade,' some friend, whom he encountered at his journey's end, had said to him. And to Miss Gwinn's he went. He found Miss Gwinn cold proud woman-it was she whom you have seen-bearing the manners of a lady. The servant who waited upon him was gar rulous, and proclaimed, at the first interview. amidst other gossip, that her mistress had dred and fifty pounds a year, she believed: that she preferred to cke it out by letting her drawing room and adjoining bed room, and to live well rather than to rusticate and pinch. Miss Gwinn and her motives were nothing to the young sojourner, and he turned a carcless, if not a deaf car to the gowip, chiefly for the sake of Miss Emma," added the girl; and the listener so far roused himself as to ask apathetically Miss Emma was It was ber mis trees's young sister, the girl said; there must be twenty good years between them. Miss Emma was but nineteen, and had just come home from boarding school; her mistress had brought her up ever since the mother died. Miss Emma was not at home now, but was expected on the morrow, she went on Miss Emma was not without her good looks. but her mistress took care they should not be seen by everybody. She'd hardly let her go about the house when strangers were in it, lest she should be met in the passages. Mr. Hunter laughed. Good looks had attractions for him is those days, and he determined to see for himself, in spite of Miss Gwing. whether Miss Emms's looks were so good that they might not be looked at.

Now, by the merest accident-at least it harmoned by accident in the first instance, and stion-one chief point in the future ill was unwittingly led to. In this early stage of the affair, while the servant maid Was exercising her tongun in these items of rs the friend who had recomed Mr. Hunter to the apartments, arrived at the house, and called out to him from the foot of the stairs, his high, clear voice echoing through the corridors-

"Lewis, will you come out and take a

Lewis Hunter hastened down, proclaiming his acquiescence, and the maid proceeded to the parlor of her mistress.

"The gentleman's name is Lewis, ma'am. You said you forgot to ask it of him. Miss Gwinn, methodical in all she did,

took a sheet of note paper and inscribed to name upon it, "Mr. Lewis," as a reminder for the time when she should require to makout his bill. When Mr. Hunter found out their error-for the maid henceforth ad dressed him as "Mr. Lewis," or "Mr. Lewis, sir"-it rather amused him, and he did not correct the mistake. He had no motive whatever for concealing his name; he did not wish it concealed. On the other hand, he deemed it of no importance to set them right; it signified not a jot to him whether they called him "Mr Lewis" or "Mr Hunter. Thus they knew him, and believed him to be Mr. Lewis only. He never took the trouble to undeceive them, and nothing arose to do R accidentally. The one or two letters only which arrived for him-for he had gone there for idleness, not to correspond with office, in accordance with his primary direc tions, not having known where he should

Miss Emma" came home: a very pretty and agreeable girl. In the narrow passage of the house—one of those shallow residences built for letting apartments at the sea-sideshe encountered the stranger, who happened to be going out as she entered. He lifted his hat to her.

"Who is that, Nancy?" she asked of the chattering maid.

"It's the new lodger, Miss Emma: Lewis, his name is. Did you ever see such good looks? And he has asked a thousand questions about you."

Now, the fact was, Mr. Hunter-stay, w will also call him Mr. Lewis for the time being, as they had fallen into the error-had not asked a single question about the young lady, save the one when her name was first spoken of. "Who is Miss Emma?" Nancy had supplied information enough for a "thousand" questions, unusked; and perhaps she saw no difference.

"Have you made any acquaintance with Mr. Lewis, Agatha?" Emma inquired of her

"When do I make acquaintance with the people who take my apartmen's?" replied Miss Gwinn, in a tone of sproof. "They naturally look down upon me as a letter of lodgings and I am not one to bear that.

Now comes the unhappy tale. It shall be glaced at as briefly as possible in detail; but it is necessary that parts of it should be ex-

Acquaintanceship sprung up between Me Lewis and Emma Gwinn. At first they would meet in the town, or on the beach, accidentally; and then, I very much fear that the meetings were tacitly, if not openly, more in tentional. Both were agreeable, both wer oung, and a liking for each other's society grew in each of them. Mr. Lewis found his time hang somewhat heavily on his hands, for his friend had left; and Emma Gwinn was not restricted from walking out as she pleased. Only one provise was laid upon her by her sister, "Emma, take care that you make no acquaintance with strangers, or suffer it to be made with you. Speak to

An injunction which Miss Emma disobey ed. She disobeyed it in a particularly marke manner. It was not only that she did permit Mr. Lewis to make acquaintance with her, but she allowed it to ripen into intimmey Worse still, the meetings, I say, from having been at first really accidental, grew to be sought-sought on the one side as much as on

the other. Ah! young ladies, I wish this little history could be a warning to you, never to deviate from the strict line of right-never to stray by so much as a thoughtless step, from the straight path of duty. Once allow yourselves to do so, and you know not where it may end. Slight acts of disobedience, that appear to you as the merest trifles, may yet be fraught with incalculable mischief. The falling int the habit of passing a pleasant hour of inter sourse with Mr. Lewis, sauntering on the beach, in social and intellectual converseand it was no worse appeared a very venial direct disobedience to the command and wish of her sister; and she knew that she so did it. She knew also that she owed to that sis ter, who had brought her up and cared fo her from infancy, the allegiance that a child gives to a mother. In this early stage of the affair, she was alone to blame-not Mr. Lewis It cannot be said that blame attached to him There was no reason why he should no while away an occasional hour in pleasan chat with a young lady; there was no harm n the meetings, taking them in the abstract The blame lay with her. It was no excus to urge that Miss Gwinn exercised over her a too strict authority: that she kept her in, in some points, with an absurdly tight hand. But poor Emma Gwinn dreamt not of future ill as the result, and little thought what she was doing. At length it was found out by Miss Gwinn.

She did not find out much. Indeed, there was not much to find : except that there was more friendship between Mr. Lewis and Emma than there was between Mr. Lewis and herself, and that they often met to stroll on the beach, and enjoy the agreeable benefit of the sea breezes. But that was quite enough for Miss Gwinn. An uncontrollable storm of passionate anger ensued, which was vented upon Emma. She stood over her, and forced ser to attire herself for travelling, protesting that not another hour should she remain in the house while Mr. Lewis remained. Then she started with Emms, to place her under the care of an agent, who lived so far off as to

be a day's journey "It's a shame!" was the comment of sym pathetic Nancy, who deemed Miss Gwinn the most unressonable woman under the sun. Nancy was herself engaged to an enterprising porter, to whom she counted on being mar-

Mr. Lewis, and communicated to him what placed in an asylum in London, of which had occurred, giving him Miss Emma's new address

"He'll follow her if he have got any spirit," was her inward thought. " It's what my Joe would do by me, if I was forced off to desert places by a old dragon."

It was precisely what Mr. Lewis did do. Upon the return of Miss Gwinn, he gave notice to quit her house, where he had already stayed longer than she originally counted upon. Miss Gwine had no suspicion but what be returned to his home-wherever that might be.

You may be inclined to ask why Miss Gwine had fallen into anger so great. That she loved her young sister with an intense and jesious love was certain. Miss Gwinn was of a peculiar temperament, and she could not bear that one spark of Emma's affection should stray from her. The real fact of the case being-only, it is not the fashion, as you are aware, in our civilized life for polite rela tives to betray the precise nature of their sen timents one for the other-that very few sparks indeed of Emma's affection went towards her sister at all. She did not entertain for her even a cool sisterly regard: and the cause may have lain in the stern manners of Miss Gwinn. Deeply, ardently as she loved Emma, she yet was to her invariably cold and and such manners do not beget love from the young. But, to account for Miss Gwinn's passionate and careless bursts of anger would be a vain attempt. They were frequent.

It was an old tale that which ensued Thanks be to good manners and morals, we can say an "old" tale, in contradistinc tion to a modern one. A secret marriage is these days would be looked upon in coniemning askance both by old and young Under the purest, the most domestic, the wisest court in the world, manners and customs with the English people have taken turn, and society calls underhand doings by their right name, and turns its back upon them. Nevertheless, such foolish things as private marriages, and runaway marriages were not unknown once: possibly, many of ou, my readers, may remember instances

amid the circle of your acquaintance I wonder whether one ever took place where it was contracted in disobedience and chance-that did not bring, in some way or other, its own panishment? To few, perhaps was it brought home as it was to Mr. Hunter No apology can be offered for the step h took : not even his youth, or his want of ex perience, or the attachment which had grown father would have objected to his marrying her, on several grounds. In fact, he dared not tell him his purpose. Her position "was not equal to his-old Mr. Hunter, a proud nan, would not have deemed it to be so-and he would have objected on the score of his son's youth. Worst bar of all, there was madness, rank madness, in Emma Gwinn's family. So James Lewis Hunter took that one false, blind, irrevocable step of contract ng a private marriage; and the consequences ame bitterly kome to him.

Six months afterwards, Emma Gwinn ay, Emma Hunter-lay upon her deathbed She had lived on at her aunt's, as Emma Gwine, he being chiefly in London at his own home. A fever broke out in the neighbor good, which Erams caught, and Miss Gwien when apprised that she was in danger, has ened to her. Medical skill could not save her, and when she was in the death agony. the confessed her marriage: the bare fac only: none of its details; she loved her hus band too truly to expose him to the dire wrath of her sister; and she died without giving the dightest clue to his real name.-Hunter.

Dire wrath, indeed! That was scarcely he word for it. Insane wrath would be bet In Miss 6 winn's injustice (violent peo pie always are unjust), she persisted in attri uting Emma's death to Mr. Lewis. In her pitter grief, she jumped to the belief that the ecret must have preved upon Emma's brain in the delirium of fever, and that that pre vented her recovery. It is very probable that the secret did prey upon it : though, it is to a honed not to the extent assumed by Mis-

Strange coincidence as it may appear to be, Mr. Lewis arrived from London on the day after the fineral. He had been for some weeks on the continent, as his wife had known : hence the reason that she did not write to him when taken ill. Nobody need envy him the interview with Miss Gwinn; or her part, it was not a seemly one. Glad to get out of the house and be away from her re proaches, the stormy interview was concluded almost as soon as it was begun, and the same night he returned to London a widower Miss Gwinn still in ignorance of his real

Following almost close upon Emma's death, illness attacked another sister of Miss Gwinn's-Elizabeth. It has not been noces. eary previously to mention her. Though but little older than Emma, she was married, and lived with her husband in the Isle of Jersey. When Miss Gwinn heard of her illness, she hastened to her, as she had done to Emma: for the one was quite as dear to her as the other had been. It was a peculiar illness, and it ended in a hopeless affection of the brain. Insanity had always been feared for her-though not in a greater degree than for tion that he should now weather the storm, the rest of the family. They were all liable to it in the opinion of the medical

Once more Miss Gwinn's injustice came nto play. Like as she had attributed Emma's death in a remote degree to Mr. Lewis, so did well enough to leave it. she now attribute to him the affliction which | He drove to the yard. It was just closed had come upon this other sister. That the two young sisters had been very warmly at- Hunter ordered the cab home. He found tached, was undoubted; but to say that this Austin waiting for him, and he also found state of mind had resulted from Elizabeth's Dr. Bevary. sorrow at her sister's loss, at the tidings of next to see Miss Gwinn, and glanced nervous what had preceded it, was nutrue. It may ly round. have had something to do with it, in the ried some fine Easter, when they had saved shape of bringing out the mainly somer than out Dr. Bevary, divining the fear. "She will up sufficient to lay in a stock of goods and it would otherwise have shown itself; but its never trouble you again. I thought you must

Doctor Bevary was a visiting physician, and, by the death of her husband soon afterwards, she had to be maintained there at Miss Gwimn's

Miss Gwinn could only do this at the ex pense of giving up her home. Ill-tempered as she was, we must confess she had her troubles. She gave it up without a murmur she would have given up her life to benefit either of those, her young sisters. Retaining but a mere pittance, she devoted all her means to the comfort of Elizabeth. Private asylums are expensive; and she found a home with her brother, in Ketterford, where she spent her days bemoaning the lost, and cherishing a really insane hatred against Mr.

Lewis—a desire for revenge.

She had never come across him until that Easter Monday, at Ketterford. And that, you will say, is scarcely correct, since it was not himself she met then, but his brother. ceived by the resemblance, she attacked Mr Henry Hunter in the manner you remember and Austin Clay saved him from the gravel pit. But the time soon came when she stood face to face with him. It was the hour she had so longed for : the hour of re-

What revenge? But for the wicked lie she forged, there could have been no revenge. The worst she could have proclaimed was that James Lewis Hunter, when he was young man, had so far forgotten his duty to himself and to the world's decencies, as to contract a secret marriage. True, he might have acknowledged he had done so, but his wife had died shortly after, leaving him free And though he had mourned her sincerely, the time came when he had grown to think that all things were for the best-that it was serious sort of embarrassment removed from his path.

What revenge would there have been in this? None, certainly, to satisfy one so vindictive as Miss Gwinn. She found him a man with social ties. He had married Louise Bevary: he had a fair daughter; and the demon of mischief put it into her head to impose upon him the story that his first wife was still living; that she-she herself-had deceived him when she told him of her death that she was, in fact, the patient of the asylum. From that hour-you must rememer the interview, and Mr. Hunter's fearful agitation subsequent upon it—the sun of his life's peace had set. Dr. Bevary became impressed with the same belief-not by broad asertions from Miss Gwinn, but by doubtful hints, which so frightened him that he dared ask nothing. Next came down Gwinn of Ketterford upon Mr. Hunter. He learnt from his sister what she had done, and he turned it pretty handsomely to his own acant. When Miss Gwinn found out that he was using it for the base purpose of extorting money, she felt half inclined to frustrate the scheme, by declaring the truth to Mr. Hunter. With all her faults, she was not mer enary. A fine life, between them, had they ed Mr. Hunter. In his agony of mind, at the diagrace cast upon Mrs. Hunter and his child; in his terror lest the truth, (as he believed it,) should reach them, he lived, it may be said, a perpetual death. And the d grace never could be removed; and the terror had never left him through all these long

All this was what his thoughts were cast back upon, as he sat now in the easy-chair of his dining-room. How long he sat there he scarcely knew; but it was for hours. Then he aroused himself to the present. He remembered that he had purposed calling that day upon his bankers, though he had no hope -but rather the certainty of the contrarythat they would help kim out of his financial embarrassments.

There was just time to get there before the bank closed, and Mr. Hunter had a cab called and went down to Lombard Street. He was shown into the room of the principal. The banker thought how ill be looked. His first question was about the heavy bill that was due that day. He supposed it had been pre-

"No," said the banker. "It was presented

Hunter's face.

"Did you indeed pay it? It was very kind. You shall be no eventful losers."

"We did not pay it from our own funds, Mr. Hunter. It was paid from yours." Mr. Hunter did not understand.

"I thought my account had been nearly drawn out," he said; "and by the note I received this morning from you, I understood that you would decline to help me."

"Your account was drawn very close indeed; but this afternoon, in time to meet the bill upon his second presentation, there was a large sum paid in to your credit-two thousand, six hundred pounds."

A pause of blank astonishment on the part Mr. Hunter. "Who paid it in?" he presently asked. "Mr. Clay. He came himself. You will

eather the storm now, Mr. Hunter." There was no answering reply. The banker bent forward in the dusk of the growing evening, and saw that Mr. Hunter was inca pable of making one. He was sinking back in his chair in a fainting tit. Whether it wa the revulsion of feeling caused by the convic or simply the effect of his physical state, M: Hunter had fainted, like any girl might do One of the partners lived at the bank, and Mr. Hunter was conveyed into the dwelling house. It was quite evening before he wa

for the night, and Mr. Clay was gone. Mr.

chattels. And she forthwith went straight to cause it was not. The poor young lady was be lost, Hunter. I have been here twice, been or boundary of another state.

home to dinner with Florence, been round at the vard, worrying Clay, and could not come upon you.

"I went to the bank, and was taking III there," said Mr. Hunter. "Austin"-laying his hand upon the young man's shoulderwhat am I to say? This money can only come from you."

Bir I" said Austin, half laughing.

Mr. Hunter drew Dr. Bevary's attention ointing to Austin.

"Look at him, Bevary. He has saved me But for him, I should have borne a dishonored name this day. I went down to Lom hard Street, a man without hope, believing that the blow had been already struck in bills dishonored-that my name was on its way to the Gazette. I found that he. Austin Clay, had paid in between two and three thousand pounds to my credit, and so saved me.

"I could not put my money to a better use sir. The two thousand pounds were left to me, you know; the rest I saved. I was wishing for something to turn up that I could in-

"Invest?" exclaimed Mr. Hunter, deep feeling in his tone. "How do you know you will not lose it ?"

"I have no fear, sir. The strike is at end, and business will go on well now."
"If I did not believe that it would, I would ever consent to use it," said Mr. Hunter.

Austin, how am I to repay you?" A red flush mounted to Austin's brow. but he hastily answered, "I do not require

payment, sir; I do not look for any." Will you link your name to mine?"

" In what manner, sir?" "By letting the firm be from henceforth Hunter and Clay. I have long wished this; you are of too great use to me to remain anything less than a partner, and by this last act of yours, you have earned the right to be so. Will you object to join your name

to one which was so near being dishon pred ? He held out his hand as he spoke, and Aus-

tin clasped it. "Oh. Mr. Hunter!" he exclaimed, in the strong impulse of the moment, "I wish you would give me hopes of a dearer reward."

"You mean Florence," said Mr. Runter. "Yes." returned Austin, in agitation, "I care not how long I wait, or what price you may call upon me to pay for her. As Jacob served Laban seven years for Rachel, so would I serve for Florence, and think it but day, for the love I bear her. Sir. Mrs. Huner would have given her to me."

"My objection is not to you, Austin. Were

I to disclose to you certain particulars connected with Florence - as I should be obliged to do before she married-you might yourself decline her.

"Try me, sir," said Austin, a bright smile

parting his lips. "Ay, try him," put in Dr. Bevary, in his usint manner. " I have an idea that he may rnow as much of the matter as you do, Hun-You neither of you know too much,"

he significantly added. Austin's cheek turned red; and there was that in his tone, his look, which told Mr. Hunter that he had known the fact, known it for years.

"Oh, sir," he pleaded, "give me Flo-

"I tell you that you neither of you know too much," said Dr. Bevary. "But, look here, Austin. The best thing you can do, is, to go to my house and ask Florence whether she will have you. Then-if you don't find it too much trouble-escort her home."

Austin langhed as he canght un his hat He found Florence alone. She looked surprised to see him, and asked why he had

"To take you home, for one thing. Do ou dislike the escert, Florence?"

He beat towards her as he asked the ones on. A strange light of happiness shone in his eyes a sweet smile hovered on his lips. Florence Hunter's heart stood still, and then beat as if it would burst its bounds.

"What has happened?" she stammered. "This," he answered, drawing her gen to him; "the right to hold you here, Flo rence-to make you my wife, to love you

turn-forever. It has been given to me by your father." The words in their fervent earnestness, carried instant treth to her heart, lighting it up with a joyousness as of the brightest sun

"Oh, what a recompense!" she impul sively uttered from the depths of her great love; "what a recompense, after all my oubts and trouble !"

ehine.

"No more doubts, no more trouble," he fondly whispered. "It shall be my life's labor henceforth to guard them from you, Florence, God helping me."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

White as the angel-wing of hope, Firm as the rock from which it springs, The lighthouse crowns the rocky slope, And o'er the sea its far glance flings

Oh! lone, pale watcher! when the night Came on, with hissing sleet and storm, How hath the sailor hailed thy light, How hath he blessed thine unseen form !

What hast thou seen, what hast thou heard, When wintry waves have talked with thee Had not the winds a taunting word? Were there no voices in the sea?

It may be, but thou answerest not: To-day, with thine unwakened eye. Thou hast in thy stern sleep forget The smiles or frowns of sea or sky.

The word letter of marque, for the ion of a privateer, is derived from nark, the German for frontier-as being the right to capture property beyond the limit

#### HEREDITARY CHARACTER.

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Peculiar family traits may be traced through nany generations. The Claudian family of Rome is a conspicuous instance, which for many centuries was the most haughty and aristocratic of the Patricians, and finally be came the tyrants of Rome. From Apping Claudius, the Decemvir, to the monster Caligula, the same imperious temper seemed to pervade the race, or at all events, to be often reproduced in individual members of the family. The Catos were, during several generations, equally remarkable for severity of rectitude, from Cato the Censor to his great-grandson of the same name, who killed aimself at Utica, and Marcus Brutus, the nephew of the latter. The Guises of France were, during at least three generations, alike in their imposing stature, seductive manner and factions disposition. The same train descended through Mary of Guise to the celebrated Mary Stuart and her posterity. The Stuart family of Scotland are known, historically, as having displayed a singular obsti nacy or inaptness to yield to changing cir cumstances, and thereby suffering great misfortunes. Queen Mary lost her throne and life; her grandson, Charles First, of England came to the same end; his son, James Se cond, was dethroned, and the family, after its exile, still continued intractable as b

#### BYRON.

The transmission of a morbid temper of mind is illustrated in the poet Byron. The family, from the time it became historically known by the grant of Newstead Abbey to Sir John Byron, by Henry Eighth, had the characteristics of recklessness and extravagance. Charles the First granted a title of poblity and additional land, the family having before that time been much involved is pecuniary embarrassment. The grandfathe of the poet, Admiral Byron, was unfortunate-his great uncle and predeceme in the title and ownership of the estate, killed his neighbor and relative, Mr. Cha worth, in a duel, and, as was alleged, by unfair means; ill-treated his wife, so that she was obliged to separate from him wasted his estate, and lived solitary and friendless; always went armed, and supplied the place of his wife by a female domestic who had the sobriquet in the neighborhood of "Lady Betty." Captain Byron, the fathe of the poet, ran away with the wife of the Marquis of Caermarthen, before he was of age; after her death he married Catharine Gordon, the mother of Lord Byron, squandered her property, and by bad treatmen forced her to live separate from him. These ancestral traits descended to the poet, inter mingled with the passionate temper of his mother. How he could have become pos sessed of any good quality seems strange, as his mother seemed to be endowed with little or none, and his father was a sensual, selfish, and unprincipled man. But the transmission of character by hereditary descent sometimes overleaps one or more generations. He had the solitariness, gloom, and domestic irregularity of his great-uncle, and he may have derived his better qualities from a source remote.

### FAMILY PROPENSITIES.

Voltaire mentions a case, within his own knowledge, of a father and two sons each committing suicide at the same age, and without any known cause. Dr. Burrows relates a family trait of the same kind exhibited in three generations—the grandfather hung himself, three of his sons destroyed themselves, two of the grandchildren followed the example, and the fourth generation showed symptoms of the same propen sity.

### INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

It is almost proverbial that a distinguished man is always found to have had a mother more than ordinarily endowed with vigor of mind. The care of a child in its early years is indeed of much consequence: but if the mother have good qualities she will impart them to her offspring at their birth; these will be fostered by maternal discipline, but will be seen to some extent, even under the nost adverse circumstances. ture death or physical disability of the mother. The Gracchi, the Emperor Constanand demand that you shall love me in retine, Charlemagne, and Napoleon are familiar instances of greatness which seemed to be derived chiefly from the mother. The innkeeper's daughter, Helepa, mother of Constantine, was indeed of humble origin, but the veneration which the Emperor always exhibited toward her, even in her old age, is a sufficient proof of her remarkable qualities. Edward Third, of England, derived from his mother Isabella, his gallant and enterprizing character, although she was not a pattern of domestic virtue, but he inherited also her amative propensities. The warlike sons of the Duke of York (Edward Fourth and Richard Third) must have owed their energy to their mother, who was an extraordinary woman.

> AN IMAGINARY WIFE .- King, the painter, was an old bachelor, but he imagined a wife and had a room fitted up for her, as if the fancy was real. A visitor describing it, says: On a sofa are Mrs. King's hat, shawl, and gloves, she having just returned from a walk, it is supposed. You know, with such a wife he is not troubled by any expensive shopping of hers. Near a chair stands her embroidery-frame, the needle sticking in and the basket of worsteds conveniently near, and against the wall leans Mrs. King's guitar. Truly, this was a fanciful idea of his; and my friend told me that, as a child, he always entered the room with feelings of respect and awe for Mrs. King, and very readily paid the 'coming out fee'-a kiss for Mrs. Kingwhich he always exacted from the privi leged few who were allowed to enter this nctum of his imagination-not painted on CARVAS.

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more it shows us that her sands of life are running out.

"AT THE LAST."

The following poem appeared, originally, is "The Independent," written upon the passage, "Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor, until the evening."]

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide. and flowers are sweetest at the eventide, And birds most musical at close of day, And saints divinest when they rose away

Morning is lovely, but a holler charm Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm; And weary man must ever love her best, For Morning calls to toll, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth

A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer; Footsteps of angels follow in her trace, To shut the weary eves of Day in peace

All things are hushed before her, as she throws O'er earth and sky her mantle of repese; There is a caim, a beauty, and a power That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil, Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way, And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide Like Summer evening down the golden tide; And leave behind us as we pass away Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

## THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD.

AUTHOR OF " DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR, BUTTERBY CHECKMATED.

Constance Channing proceeded to her du tics as usual at Lady Augusta Yorke's. She drew her veil over her face, only to traverse the very short way that conveyed her thither, for the sense of shame was strong upon her conscience; not shame for Arthur, but for Hamish. It had half-broken Constance's

There are times in our every-day lives when all things seem to wear a depressing aspect, turn to which side we will. They were wearing it that day to Constance .-Apart from home troubles, she felt particu larly discouraged in the educational task she had undertaken. You heard the promise made to her by Caroline Yorke to be up and ready for her every morning at seven. Caroline kept it for two mornings, and then fall; ed. This morning and the previous morning Constance had been there at seven, and returned home without getting to see either of the children. Both were ready for her

when she entered now.
"How am I to deal with you?" she said to Caroline, in a sad but affectionate tone. "I do not wish to force you to obey me; I would prefer that you should do it cheer-

fully."
"It is tiresome to get up early," responded Caroline. "I can't awake when Martha

Whether Martha goes to you at seven or at eight, or at nine, she has the same trouble

to get you up." "I don't see any good in getting up early."

cried Caroline.

Do you see any good in acquiring good habits, instead of bad ones?" asked Con-Stance

"But, Miss Channing, why need we learn to get up early? We are ladies. It's only the poor who need get up at unseasonable hours those who have their living to get " "Is it only the poor who are accountable

to God for waste of time, Caroline?" Caroline paused. She did not like to give

up her argument

"It is so very low-lived to get up with the sun; I don't think real ladies ever do it." You think 'real ladies' wait until the su

"Y-es," said Caroline.

But it was not spoken very readily, for she had a suspicion that Miss Channing was laugh-

May I ask where you have acquired your laching heart. notions of 'real ladies,' Caroline ?"

Caroline pouted. "Don't you call Colonel Joliffe's daughters ladies, Miss Channing ?"

Yes-in position. "That's where we went yesterday, you know. Mary Joliffe says she never gets up till half-past eight, and that it is not lady-like to get up earlier. Real ladies don't, Miss Channing

My dear, shall I relate to you a pretty anecdote that I have heard?"

"Oh, yes," replied Caroline, her listless mood changing to animation; anecdotes, or anything in that desultory way, being far ore acceptable to the young lady than

Before I begin, will you tell me whether you condescend to admit that our Queen is a

"Oh, Miss Channing, now you are laughing at me! As if any of us, in all England, could be so great a lady as the Queen!"

Very good. When she was a little girl, a child of her own age, the daughter of one of the nobility, was brought to Kensington Palace to spend the day with her. In talking together, the Princess Victoria mentioned something she had seen when out of doors that morning at seven o'clock. 'At seven o'clock! exclaimed the young visitor; 'how before them. The news had spread—had ex-early that is to be abroad! I never get out cited interest far and wide; the bench was of bed until eight. Is there any use in rising The Duchess of Kent, who was present, took up the answer. 'My daughter

the Princess was not allowed to waste her mornings in bed, although she was destined to be the first lady in the land. We may be thankful to her admirable mother for making her in that, as in many other things, a pattern to us.

"Is it a true anecdote, Miss Channing ?" "It was related to my mother, many years ago, by a lady who was, at that time, much at Kensington Palace. I think there is little doubt of its trutic. One fact we all know, Caroline: that the Queen retains her early habits, and implants them upon her children. What do you suppose would be her Majesty's surprise, were one of her daughters—say, the Princess Helena, or the Princess Louise-to lecline rising early for their morning studies with their governoss. Miss Hildyard, on the plea that it was not 'lady-like?'

Caroline's ground of objection appeared to

be melting away under her.
"But it is a dreadful plague," she grumbled, "to be obliged to get up from one's nice warm bed, for the sake of some horrid old

"You spoke of 'the poor'-those who have their living to get'-as the only class who need rise betimes," resumed Constance Put that notion far away from you at once, and forever, Caroline; there cannot be a more false one. The higher we go in the scale of life, the more onerous become our duties in this world, and the greater is our responsibllity to God. He to whom five talents were intrusted, did not make them other five by wasting his days in idleness. Oh, Caroline -Fanny, dear, come you closer and listen to me-your time and opportunities for good must be used-not abused or wasted."

"I will try and get up," said Caroline, repentantly. "I wish mamma had trained me to it when I was a child, as the Duchess of Kent trained the Princess! I might have learned to like it by this time."

"Long before this," said Constance. "Do you remember the good old saying 'Do what ou ought, that you may do what you like? Habit is second nature. Were I told that I might lie in bed every morning till nine or ten o'clock, as a great favor, I should consi-

der it a great punishment."
"But I have not been trained to get up, Miss Channing; and it is nothing short of punishment to me to do so."

"The punishment of self-denial we all have o bear, Caroline. But I can tell you what will take off half its sting."

"What ?" asked Caroline, engerly. Constance bent towards her.

"Jesus Christ said, 'If any will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.' When once we earn now to take it up cheerfully, bravely, for his sake, looking to him to be helped, the sting is gone. 'No cross, no crown,' you know, my children."

"No cross, no crown!" Constance had enough of cross to carry just then. In the course of the morning Lady Augusta came into the room bolsterously, her manner Indi-

cative of great sarprise.
"Miss Channing, what is this tale, about our brother's having been arrested for sted-ng that missing bank-note? Some visiters ave just called in upon me, and they say the own is ringing with the news."

It was one of the first of Constance Chan ing's bitter pills; they were to be her porion for many a day. Her heart fluttered, her cheek varied, and her answer to Lady Augusta Yorke was low and timid.

"It is true that he was arrested yesterday

What a shocking thing! Is he in prison? "Oh, no."

" Did he take the note?"

The question pained Constance worse than "He did not take it," she replied, in a clear, soft tone. "To these who know Arthur well it would be impossible to think he did."

"But he was before the magistrates, yesday, I hear, and is going up again to-day.

"Yes, that is so."
"And Roland could not open his lips to night!" grumbled the lady. "We were late, has been up a few hours and warmed the said he was the only one up; Gerald and Tod were in bed. I shall ask him why he did not But, Miss Channing, this must be a dreadful

blow for you all." "It would be a worse, Lady Augusta, if w believed him guilty," she replied from her

"Oh, dear! I hope he is not guilty!" con tinued the lady, displaying as little delicacy of feeling as she could well do. "It would be quite a dangerous thing, you know, for my Roland to be in the same office."

Be at ease, Lady Augusta," returned Con stance, with a tinge of irony she could not wholly suppress. "Your son will incur no harm from the companionship of Arthur.

What does Hamish say? handsome Ha wish! He does not deserve that such a blow should come near him." Constance felt her color deepen. She bent

her face, by way of hiding it, over the exercise she was correcting. "Is he likely to be cleared of the charge?

p rseveringly resumed Lady Augusta.
"Not by actual proof, I fear," answered

Constance, pressing her band upon her brow as she remembered that he could only be proved innocent by another's being proved "The note seems to have guilty. n so very mysterious a manner, that posi tive proof of his exoneration will be diffi-

"Well, it is a dreadful thing" concluded Lady Augusta.

Meanwhile, at the very moment her lady hip was speaking, the magistrates were in in the Town-hall in full conclave-the case cited interest far and wide; the bench was crowded, and the court was one dense mass of heads.

Arthur appeared, escorted by his brother may be called to fill the throne of England Hamish and by Roland Yorke. Roland on with your work." when she shall be grown up; therefore, it is was in high feather, throwing his haughty especially necessary that she should learn glances everywhere, for he had an inkling of taking up a cause of oppression?" muttered | She evaded the question. She dried her brother! and he a Christian minister. No, come out.

and did not conceal his triumph. Mr. Gallo- his place at the deak. "This is a precious way also was of their party.

Mr. Galloway was the first witness put forth by Mr. Butterby. The latter gentleman was in high feather also, like Roland, believing he saw his way clear to a triumphant conviction. Mr. Galloway was questioned and for some minutes it all went on swimmingly.

"On the afternoon of the loss, before you closed your letter, who was in your office?" "My clerks-Roland Yorke and Arthur

"They saw the letter, I believe ?"

"They did."

"And the bank-note ?"

"Most probably."
"It was the prisoner, Arthur Channing, who fetched the bank-note from your private room to the other one? Did he see you put it into the letter !"

"I cannot say."

A halt. "But he was in full possession of his eyes ust then?" "No doubt he was."
"Then what should hinder his seeing you

put the note into the letter?" "I will not swear that I put the note into the letter."

The magistrates pricked up their ears. Mr. Butterby pricked up his, and looked at the witness.

What do you say ?"

"I will not swear that I put the bank-note inside the letter," deliberately repeated Mr. Galloway.

" Not swear that you put the bank-note into the letter? What is it that you mean?"
"The meaning is plain enough," replied Mr. Galloway, calmly. "Must I repeat it for the third time? I will not swear that I put the note into the letter."

"But your instructions to me were that you did put the note into the letter," cried Mr. Butterby, interrupting the examination. "I will not swear it," reiterated the wit-

"Then there's an end of the case!" ex claimed the magistrate's clerk, in some cho-"What on earth was the time of the bench taken up for in bringing it here?"

And there was an end of the case-at any rate, for the present—for nothing more satis-factory could be got out of Mr. Galloway. "I have been checkmated " ejaculated the

angry Butterby.

They walked back arm-in-arm to Mr. Galloway's, Roland and Arthur. Hamish went the other way, to his own office, and Mr. Galloway lingered somewhere behind. Jenkins -true-hearted Jenkins, in the black handkerchief still-was doubly respectful to Ar thur, and rose to welcome him; a faint hectic of pleasure illumining his face at the termina-

tion of the charge.
"Who said our office was going to be put down for a thief's " uttered Roland. " Old Galloway's a trump! Here's your place, Arthur

Arthur did not take it. He had seen from the window the approach of Mr. Galloway, and delicacy prevented his assuming his old post until bade to do so. Mr. Galloway-came in, and metioned him into his own

" Arthur Channing," he said, "I have acted leniently in this unpleasant matter, for your father's sake; but, from my very heart, I be lieve you to be guilty." "I thank you, sir," Arthur said, "for that

and all other kindness. I am not as guilty ing her pulses; the rosy hue on sher face as you deem me. Do you wish me to deepens to crimson, as she turns it towards leave ?"

"If you can give me no better assurance of your innocence-if you can give me as explanation of the peculiar and most unsatis factory manner in which you have met the charge-yes. To retain you here would be injust to my own interests, and unfair as regards Jenkins and Roland Yorke.

To give this explanation was impossible either dared Arthur assert more combati cally his innocence. Once convince Mr. Gal loway that he was not the guilty party, and "And Roland could not open his lips to tell me of this, when I came home last night" grumbled the lady. "We were late, instructions to Butterby for the further fall like a thunder clap." nvestigation of the affair; of this Arthur felt convinced. He could only be sitent and renain under the stigma.

"Then-I had better-you would wish ne, perhaps -- to go at once," hesitated hand." Arthur.

"Yes," shortly replied Mr. Galloway. He spoke a word of farewell, which Mr. Galloway replied to by a nod, and went into the front office. There he began to collect ogether certain trifles that belonged to him. What's that for ?" asked Roland Yorke.

"I am going," he replied, "Going" roared Roland, jumping to his feet and dashing down his pen full of ink. with little regard to the deed he was copying. "Galloway has never turned you off!
"Yes, he has."

"Then I'll go, too" thundered Roland,

who, truth to ray, had flown into an uncon trollable passion, startling Jenkins and arous ing Mr. Galloway. "I'll not stop in a place where that sort of injustice goes on ' He turning me out next! Catch me stopping

"Are you taken crazy, Mr. Roland Yorke?"

The question proceeded from his master, who came forth to make it. Roland turned to him, his temper unsubdued, and his color ising. "Channing never took the money, sir! It

is not just to turn him away." "Did you help him to take it, pray, that

ou identify yourself with the aff dr so per sistently and violently " demanded Mr. Galloway, in a cynical tone And Reland an swered with a hot and haughty word.

"If you cannot attend to your brainess i little better, you will get your dismissal from me; you won't require to diamina yourself," her-his arm on her shoulder her hand classsaid Mr. Galloway. "Sit down sir, and go ed in his.

"And that's all the thanks a fellow gets for

the full value of time. For see, Caroline, what was to be the termination of the affair, Mr. Holand Yorke, as he sufferly resumed tears and smbothed her face to smiles, and it would never do. William," she said aloud, world to live in !"

CHAPTER XXVII. A PIECE OF PREFERMENT.

Before the nine days' wonder, which, you know, is said to be the accompaniment of all marvels, had died away, Helstonleigh was fated to be astonished by another piece of news of a different nature—the preferment of the Reverend William Yorke.

A different preferment from what had been anticipated for him; otherwise, the news had been nothing extraordinary, for it is cus-tomary for the dean and chapter to provide livings for their minor canons. In a fine, open part of the town was a cluster of buildngs, caffed Hazeldon's Charity, so named from its founder, Sir Thomas Hazeldon—a large, paved inclosure, fenced in by tron railings and a pair of iron gates. A chapel stood in the midst. On either side, right and left, ran sixteen almshouses, and at the top, oppo-site to the iron gates, stood the dwelling of the chaplain to the charity, a superior resi dence, called Hazeldon House. This prefer ment, worth three hundred pounds a year had been for some weeks vacant, the chaplah having died. It was in the gift of the presen baronet, Sir Frederick Hazeldon, a descend ant of the founder, and he now suddenly com ferred it upon the Reverend William Yorke It took Helstonleigh by surprise. It took M: Yorke himself entirely by surprise. He pos essed no interest whatever with Sir Frede rick, and had never cast a thought to the probability of its becoming his. Perhaps Sir Frederick's motive for bestowing it upor him was this-that, of all the clergy in neighborhood looking out for something good to drop to them, Mr. Yorke had been nearly the only one who had not solicited i of Sir Frederick.

Its coming was none the less welcome. I rould not interfere in the least with the duties or preferment of his minor canonry; minor canon had once before held it. In short, it was one of those slices of luck which do sometimes come unexpectedly in

this world. In the soft light of the summer evening Constance Channing stood under the cedar-tree. A fine old tree was that, making the coast of the Channings' garden. The sun was setting in all its gorgeous beauty, clouds of crimson and purple floated on the horizon, their gold edges dazzling the eye; a roscate hue pervaded the atmosphere, and lighted with its own loveliness the sweet face of Constance. It was an evening that seemed to speak peace to the soul-so would it have spoken to that of Constance, but for the ever-present trouble which had fallen there.

Another trouble was falling upon her, or seemed to be; one that more immediately concerned herself. Since the diagrace had ome to Arthur, Mr. Yorke had been less requent in his visits. Some days had now depend from the time of the dismissal from Mr. Galloway's, and Mr. Yorke had called but once. This may have arisen from acci dental circumstances, but Constance felt a dif-

ferent fear in her heart. Hark! that is his ring at the ball-bell. Contence has not listened for and loved that ring so long, to be m staken now. Another minute, and she hears those footsteps approaching, warming her life-blood, quicker im. She knows nothing yet of his appoint ment to the Hazeldon chaplaincy; Mr. Yorke has not known it himself two hours.

He came up and laid his hands upon he shoulders playfully, looking down at her. " What will you give me for some news, by

way of greeting, Constance?" "News?" she answered, raising her eyes to his, and scarcely knowing what she did say, in the confusion of meeting him, in he all conscious love. "Is it good or had?"

"Helstonleigh will not call it good, I ex-

Tell it me, William; I cannot guess," she said, somewhat wearily. "I suppose it does not concern me."

"But it does concern you ... at second

Poor Constance, timorous and full of dread since the grief had fall n, was but too apt to connect everything with that one source. We have done the same in our lives, all of us, when under the consciousness of some secret terror. She appeared to be living upon s mine, which might explode any hour and bring down Hamish in the debrie. The words bore an ominous sound : and, foolish as it may appear to us, who know the nature of M. Yorke's news, Constance fell into a sudden panic, and turned white.

Does -does it concern Arthur?" she ut

"No. Constance," changing his tone, and dropping his hands as he gazed at her, " why ould you be so terrified for Arthur? You have been a changed girl since that happened shrinking, timid, starting at every sound unable to look people in the face. Why so, if he is innocent?"

She shivered inwardly, as was perceptible the eyes of Mr. Yorke.

"Tell me the news," she answered in a low me, "if, as you say, it concerns me." I hope it will concern you, Constance. At

any rate, it concerns me. The news," he gravely added, " is, that I am appointed to the Hazeldon chaplain y. " Oh, William " The sudden revulsion of feeling, from intense, undefined terror of joy ful surprise, was too much to bear calcul-Her emotion verpowered her, and she bar-t

"Constance, what is the cause of this?" he asked, when her emotion had passed.

into tears. Mr. Yorke compelled her to sit

tried to look as unconscious as she might.
"Is it really true that you have the chap

laincy?" she quantioned.

"I received my appointment to it this evening. Why Sir Prederick should have conferred it upon me I am unable to say: I feel all the more obliged to him for its being unexpected. Shall you like the house, Constance ?"

The rosy has stole over her cheeks again, and a happy smile parted her lips.

"I once said to mamma, when we had been spending the evening there that I should like to live at Hazeldon House. I like its situation; I like its rooms; I shall like to be busy among all those poor old people. But, when I said it, William, I had not the slight-

ost idea that the chance would ever be miss."

"You have only to determine now how soon the 'chance' shall become certainty,"
he said. "I must take up my residence there within a mouth, and I do not care how soon my wife takes up hers, after that,"

The rose grew deeper. She bent her brow down upon her hand and his, hiding her face. "It could not possibly be, William."
"What could not?"

"Bo soon. Paps and mamma are going to Germany, you know, and I must keep house here. Besides, what would Lady August say at my leaving her situation almost as

soon as I have entered upon it?" "Lady Augusta -- " Mr. Yorke was beginning impulsively, but checked himself. Constance lifted her face and looked at him. His brow was knit, and a stern expression has ettled on it.

West is it, William P "I want to know what caused your grief just now," was his abrupt rejoinder, "and what it is that has made you appear so strange

The words fell on her like an jecbolt. For a few brief moments she had forgotten her fears, had revelled in the sunshine of the prospective happiness so suddenly laid out be-fore her. Back came the gloom, the humilis-

son, the sick terror. " Had Arthur been guilty of the charge laid to him, and you cognizant of it, I could fancy that your manner would be precisely what it

is," answered Mr. Yorke.

Her heart beat wildly. He spoke in a reserved, haughty tone, and she felt a foreboding that some unpleasant explanation was at hand. She felt more—that perhaps she ought not to become his wife with this cloud hanging over them. She nerved herself to say what she decond she ought to say,

" William," she began, " perhaps you would wish that our marriage should be delayed, until until I mean now that this suspicion has fallen upon Arthur?" She could scarcely get the incoherent words

saw how white and trembling were her lips. I cannot believe Arthur guilty," was his She remembered that Hamish was though Arthur was not; and, in point of disgrace, it

out, so great was her acitation. Mr. Yorke

amounted to the same thing. Constance passed her hand over her perplayed prow. "He is looked upon as guity by many; that we unfortunately know; and it may not be thought well that you should, under the circumstances, make me your wife. You may

Mr. Yorke made no reply. He may have

been deliberating upon the question.
"Let us put it in this light, William," sh sumed, her tone one of intense pain. pose, for argument's sake, that Arthur were me." guilty; would you marry me freely, all the

"It is a hard question. Constance," he said.

after a pause,
"It must be answered." "Were Arthur guilty, and you cognizant of t ecreening him I should lose half my con-

idence in you, Constance." That was the knell. Her heart and her

cognizant of it, I ought to betray him, to at make it known to the world?"

you are my afflanced wife; and, whatever ognizance of the matter you might possess, what ver might be the mystery attending it should represe the confidence and the mys-

"That you might decide whether or not 1 am worthy to be your wife?" she exclaimed, that of indignation lighting up her spirit, To doubt her! She felt it keenly. Oh, that to be helped to a right dec she could have teld him the truth! but she at length made it to go. dared not, for Hamish's sake.

He took her hand in his, he laid the other ipon it; he gazed scarchingly into her face. "Constance, you know what you are to me. This unhaps y business has been as great a trial to me as to you. Can you deny to me all cognizance of its mystery, its guilt? I sek not whether Arthur be innocent or gudy; I ask whether you are innocent of partisan- was fain to see that it could not, and the preship in the concealment. Can you stand before me and sasure me, in all truth, that you

She could not,

"I believe in Arthur's innocence," she re-

rejoined as he did. "I believe also in his innocence," he said, seduced on to any indiscriminate steamer, or " (Hherwise '

Speak it without hesitation, William." would be Perhaps I would not."

down on the garden beach, and stood over to humiliste her. "No, no; it would not be right of him to fess, did not impress me. From St. Kathemake me his wife now," she reflected. "Ha- rine's Docks you will reach Antwerp in mish's dis race may come out any day; he eighteen hours, which is an average passage

we must part."
"Part?" echoed Mr. Yorks, as this words

bound faintly from her trembling lips.

The tears rose to her eyes; it was with

difficulty she kept them from falling.
"I cannot become your wife while this cloud overhangs Arthur. It would not be right."

"You say you believe in his innounce,? was the reply of Mr. Yorks. "I do. But the world does not. William," she continued, placing her hand in his, while the team rained freely down her face, "let us

He drew her closer to him; he dried the

tears from her face.

\* Bx plein this mystery, Constance. Way
are you not open with me? Wind her coine

between us !"

"I commet axplain," she sobbed. "There is nothing for us but to part."

"We will not part. Why should we, when you say Arthur is innocent, and I believe him to be so? Constance, my darling, what

in this grief?" What were the words but a tacit admision that, if Arthur were not innocent, they should part? Constance so interpreted them. Had any additional weight been needed to strengthen her resolution, this would have supplied it.

"Farewell! farewell, William! To re main with you is but prolonging the pain of

parting."

That her resolution to part was fixed, he saw. It was his turn to be angry now. A slight touch of the haughty Yorke temper

was in hits, and there were times when it peeped out. He folded his arms, and the flush left his essuntenance.

"I cannot subserved you, Constance. I gamout fathous your motive, or why you are delay this, palest the that you never count doing this; unless it be that you never cared

"I have cared for you as I never cared for any one; as I shall never care for another. To part with you will be like parting with

"Then why speak of it? Be my wife, Constance; be my wifs!"
"No, it might bring you disgrace," she hysterically answered; "and that you shall never ancounter through me. Do not accepme, William; my rosclution is irrevocable. Sobbing as though her heart would break, she turned from him. Mr. Yorke followed

her in-doors. In the hall stood Mrs. Chan ning. Constance turned aside, anywhere, to hide her face from her mother's eye. Mrs. Channing did not particularly observe her and turned to accost Mr. Yorks. An angry frown was on his brow, an angry weight en his spirit. Constance's words and course of action had now fully impressed him with the belief that Arthur was guilty, that she knew him to be so; and the proud Yorke blood within him whispered that it was well so to part. But he had loved her with a deep and

enduring love, and his heart ached bitterly. "Will you come in and lend a helping hand in the discussion?" Mrs. Channing said to him, with a smile. "We are carving out

the plan for our journey."

He bowed, and followed her into the sit ting-room. He did not speak of what had just occurred, leaving that to Constance, if she should choose to give an explanation. It was not Mr. Yorke's place to say, "Constance has given me up. She has impressed me with the conviction that Arthur is guilty, and she says she will not bring disgrace upon No, certainly; he could not tell them

Mr. Channing lay as usual on his sofa, He mish near him. Gay Hamish, who was look-ing as light-faced as ever; undoubtedly, he seemed as light-hearted. Hamish had a book before him, a map and a pencal. He was tracing out the route of his father and mother, joking always.

After much antious consideration, pro and eyes allike fell, and she knew, in that one mo-eyes allike fell, and she knew, in that one mo-ment, that all hope of marrying William not well afford to do so; and, before he heard Yorks was cone.

"You think that, were he guilty—I am speaking only for argument's sake," she breathed in her-emotion, "you think, were I all recently had been in the habit of breathed in her-emotion, "you think, were I all recently had been in the habit of putting it out of view, as wholly impracticable ent. But the information by the doctor changed his views, and he be "I do not say that, Constance. No. But gan to think it not only practicable, but feasible. His children were given much eli now to meet home expenses -Constance, it going to Lady Augusta; Arthur, to the Ca and a mystery I believe there is you thedral. Dr. Lamb strongly urged his going, and Mr. Channing himself knew that, if he to activity, the journey, instead of being a cost, would. In point of fact, prove a saving With much deliberation, with much prajer to be helped to a right decision, Mr. Channing

> It was necessary to start at once, for the season was already advanced; indeed, as Dr. Lamb observed, he ought to have been away a month back. Then all was builte and proparation. Two or three days were wasted in the unhappy business concerning Arthur But all the grieving over that, all the staying at home for it, could do no good. Mr Channing parations were hastened. Hamish was most active in all-in urging the departure, in helping at the packing, in carrying out their route; joking, I say, always.

"Now, mind, mother, as you are to be manager in chief, it is the Anteerp packet So did Mr. Yorke, or he might not have you are to take," he was saying, in a serio comic, dictatorial manner. you may find yourselves carried off to some "You would not make me your wife, unknown regions inhabited by cannibals, and never be heard of more. The Antwerp steam "Weil-I cannot tell what my course er, and it starts from St. Katherine's Docksif you have the pleasure of knowing that en-A silence, tonstance was feeling the chanting part of London. I made acquain avowal in all its bitter humiliation. It seemed tange with it in a fog, in that eight seeing visit I paid to town; and its beauty, I must conmay be brought to trial for it yet. His wife's -always provided the ship's bottom does not

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, MAY 24, 1862.

\* Hamish !"

well caulked. At any rute, take an instrucce ticket against accident, and then you'll be all right. An frishmen slept at the top of a very tigh hotel. "Are you not afraid to sleep up there, in case of fire?' a friend asked him. Channing's heart. He grew to trust them By the powers no," and he; "they tell me the house is insured." Now, mother mine-

"Shall we have to stay in Antwerp, Ha mish?" interrupted Mr. Chauning.

Yes, as you retorn or; which answer you will think emanated from our Irish friend. Nebada ever west to Antwerp yet without giving the glorious old town a few bour's in-I only wish the chance were of ferred me! Now, as you go, you will not be able to get about, but, as you return, you will -if all the good has been done you that I

Do not be too magnine, Hamish."

"My dear father," and Hamish's tone as semed a deeper feeling, "to be sanguine was implanted in my nature at my birth: but is this case I am more than sanguine. You will be carred, depend upon it. When you return, in three months' time, I shall not have a fly waiting for you at the station here, or, if I do it will be for the mother's exclusive use and benefit; I shall parade you through the town on my arm, showing your fenewed strength of leg and limb to the delighted even of Hel stemleigh.

"Why are you so silent?" Mrs. Channing inquired of William Yorke. She had sad dealy noticed that he had scarrely said a word: that he had sat in a fit of abstraction

Silent? Oh! Hamish is talking for all of us," he answered, starting from his reverie.

"The ingratitude that people posses ejaculated Hamish. "Is he saying that in a spirit of complaint, now? Mr. Yorke, I am impished at you.

At this moment Tom was heard to enthe house. That it could be nobody but Tom, was undoubted, by the noise and commotion; the others were quieter, except Annabel, and she was a girl. Tom it was, and he came in, tongue, and hands, and feet, all

What luck, is it not, Mr. Yorke? I am so glad it's you who has got it !" Mr. Channing looked up with surprise

Tom, will you never tearn good manners Got what ?"

"Has he not told you?" exclaimed Ton entirely ignoring the reproof as to his man ners. " He is appointed to Hazeldon Chapel. Where's Constance? I'll be bound he has hold her /"

Saucy Tom! They received his news in allence, looking to Mr. Yorke for explanation. He rose from his chair, and his cheek slightly flushed as he confirmed the tidings.

" Does Constance know it?" inquired Mrs. Channing, speaking in the moment's impulse.

"Yes," was Mr Yorke's short answer And then he said something, not very coherent, about having an engagement, and took his leave, wishing Mr. Channing every bene fit from his journey,

But we do not go until the day after to morrow," objected Mr. Channing, "We shall see you before that."

Another upustisfactory sentence from Mr Yorke, that he "was not sure." In shaking hands with Mrs Channing he bent down with a whisper: "I think Constance has something to say to you.

Mrs. Channing found her in her room in sad state of distress. "Child' what is this?" she uttered

"Oh! mother, mother, it is all at an end, and we have parted for ever " was poor Constance's walled out answer. And Mrs. Channing, feeling quite sick with the various oubles that seemed to be coming upon her inquired sels it was at an end

He feels that the disgrace which has fallen pon us would be reflected upon him, were to make me his wife. Mother, there is no help for it it would diagrace him

"Hot where there is no real guilt there can be no real diagrace," objected Mrs. Channing. I am firmly nersua led, however mysterious and unsatisfactory things appear, that Arthur is not guilty, and that time will prove be is

se could only shiver and sob. Knowing what she knew, she could entertain no hope.

" Poor child ' poor child!" murmured Mes. Channing, her tears dropping upon the fair young face, as she gathered it to her shelter-"What have you done that this ing bosom. blight should extend to you "

Teach me to bear it, mother. It must be

And Constance Changing lay in her real ing place, and there sobbed out her heart's grief, as she had used to do in her early girlhood.

### CHAPTER XXVIII

### AN APPEAL TO THE DEAK.

The first brunt of the edge worn off, Arthur Channing partially recovered his cheerful-Prench have a proverb, which ust be familiar to all of you, in these Pread days, when everybody knows the language, or professes to know it..." Or n'est que le pre-mier pas qui coute." There is a great deal of truth in it, as experience teaches, and as Arthur found. "Where is the use of my depend ence upon God," Arthur also reasoned with himself ten times a day, "if it does not serve to bear me up in this my first trouble? As well have been brought up next door to a heather. All things are possible with Him : He can bring my innocence to light in the sight of my fe low-men, without-oh, without discovering the guilt of Hamish, if it be His good plos-Why, if I were guilty, I could omy as one ground down to the Just! Let me do | coldly. To a sure mind, fancy is ever active. the best I can under it, and go my way so if A thought flashed over Aribur that he would it had not happened, trusting all to God."

A good resolution, and one that none could have made and kept unless he had learnt that full trust in the Most High which is the sures beacon light we can possess in this world. door handle. A passing tremer, as to the re-himself at full length on a sofa.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put, sull, arose in his heart; but he had learnt ! dear as the light; and try funt dealing as the noedday." Hour after hour, say after slay, were those previous promises in Arthur with the most implicit faith, he felt a sure conviction that God would bring his inno cence to light in His own good time; and I at time he was content to wait for Not al the expense of fismish. In his brotherly love he stood before the dean, a true gentleman for Hamish, which this transaction had been and a fearless one. The dean still wore his mable to dispel, he would have shielded his reputation at any sacrifice to himself. He had grown to excuse Hamish, far more than he could ever have excused himmif, had he been guilty of it; and he constantly prayed, and fully hoped, that the sin might never be grought home to Hamish, even by the renotest suspicion, and that he would never fall again. Hamish was now so kind to Ar thur-gentle in manner, considerately thought ful, anxious to spare Lim, to resent any rade shaft tost might be buried at him. He had taken to profess his fill belief in Arthur's in nocence; not as low-ity perhaps, but quite as argently, as did Holand Yorke. "He would proce my innocence, and take the guilt to

timeelf, but that it would bring ruin to my

father," fondly sobloquised Arthur.

Arthur Chapping's most carpest desire, for the present, was to obtain some employment. His weekly sainty at Mr. Galloway's load been trifling; but still it was so much He had gone to Mr. Gailoway's not so much to be of help to that gentlemen, who really did not require a third clerk as to get his hand to the routine of the office, against he should be articled. Hence his weekly pay had been almost cominal. Small though it was, he was anxious to replace it; and he sought to hear of something in the town. As yet, without success. Persons were not willing to engage one on whom a doubt rested; and a very great doubt, in the opinion of the town, did rest upon Arthur. The manner is which the case had terminated-by Mr. G. lloway's refusing to swear he put the bank note in the envelope, when it was nown that Mr. Galloway had put it in, and that Mr. Galloway himself knew that he had put it in told more against Arthur than the actuacharge had done. It was not, you see, esta blishing Arthur's Innocence; on the con rary, it rather tended to imply his guilt " go on with this, he will be convicted there fore I will withdraw it for his father's sake was the motive of action which the town in outed to Mr. Galloway. His summary missal, also, from the office, was urged against dm. Altogether, Arthur did not stand we with Hel-tonleigh, and fresh employmen did not readily show itself. This was of little noment, comparatively speaking, while his good piece in the Cathedral was not perilled But that was to come

On the day previous to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Arthur was seated at the organ in the afternoon service, playing the anthem, when Mr. Williams come is Arthur saw him with surprise. It was not the day for practising the c'oristers; there fore what could be want? A feeling of dread, that it might bute ill to him, came ver Arthur's heart.

Which feeling was borne out all to surely C anning," Mr. Williams began, scarcely iving himself time to wait until the wry is was over, and the congregation were leaving the dean has been talking to me about the other What is to be done

The life blood at his heart seemed to stand till, and then go on again. His place there was about to be taken from his - he knew it Must be become an idle, useless burthen upor

"He met me this morning in High Street and stopped me," continued Mr. Williams. He considers that if you were guilty of the theft, you ought not to be allowed to retain

your place here. I told him you were no guilty-that I felt thoroughly convinced of t; but he listened coldly. The denc is a severe man, and I have always said ft.

suse of injustice," replied Arthur, who was himself too just to allow blame to rest with pr was not due, even though it were to defen ims If "Did he give orders for my dis missal you

" He has not done it ye! I said to him. that when a man was accused wrongly. ought not to be a plea for all the world's trampling him down. He answered pretty war siy to that, that of course it could not but that, if appearances might be trusted, you were not accused wrongly."

Arthur sat, seeding some music with his encil Never had be felt that appearances were against him more plainly than he felt i

I thought I would step down and tell you this Chapping," Mr. Williams observed "1 shall not disinise you, you may be sure of that; but, if the dean outs forth his voto, I sound help myself. He is master of the Cathedral, not I. I council think what peacases the people to doubt you! They would not if they had ten grams of sense."

The organist concluded his words as be urried down the state-he was slways such pressed for time. Arthur, a cold weight know?" lying at his heart, put the music together, and

He traversed the nave crossed the body. nd descended the steps to the civisters. As he was passing the Chapter House, the doors surplice and trencher. He closed the doors dean scated alone at the table-a large falso before him. Both of them hat just inft the Cashedral

kn wledged it, but-Arthur thought-very go, there and then, and speak to the dean.

Acting upon the moment's impulse, with be turned back and laid his hand upon

thy trust in Him; and He shall bring it to where help in need is ever to be obtained; pass. He shall make thy rightwo seron as and an currousl word of arm or went up then The dean looked round, saw it was Arting but I shall do It," she added, nodding her Channing who entered, roo from his sent, and waited the approach.

"Will you pardon my intruding upon you here, Mr. Dean?" he began, in his gentle, courteeus manner; and, with the urgency of ! thief" the occasion, all his energy seemed to come to bim. Timidity and tremor vanished, and he stood before the duan, a true gentleman surplice, and his trencher lay on the table near him. Arthur placed his own nar by maide. "Mr. Williams has just informed me side. that you can't a doubt as to the propriety of this startling way, upon every possible occumy still taking the organ," he added.

True," said the dean, "It is not fitting that one upon whom so heavy an imputation lies should be allowed to continue his duty in this Cathedral

But, air - if that imputation be a mistaken "How are we to know that it is a mistaken

e?" demanded the dean. Arthur paused.

Sir, will you not take my word for it? I am incapable of telling a lie. I have come to you to defend my own cause; and yet I can nly do it by my bare word of assertion. You are not a stranger to the circumstances of tay family, Mr. Dean; and I honestly avow but if this post is taken from me, it will b felt as a serious loss. I have lost what little had from Mr. Galloway; I trust I shall not

" You know, Channing, that I should b the last to do an unjust thing; you also may be aware that I respect your family very much," was the dean's reply. "But this crime which has been laid to your charge is a heavy one. If you were guilty of it, it cannot he overlooked

"I was not guilty of it," Arthur impreively mid, his tone full of emotion. Mr. Dean! believe me. When I shall com to answer to my Maker for my doings upor earth. I cannot speak with more carnest truth than I now speak to you. I am entirely in ocent of the charge. I did not touch the noney; I did not know that the money was lost, until Mr. Galloway announced it to me some days afterwards."

The dean gazed at Arthur as he stood be fore him! at his tall form-noble even in its youthfulness-his fine, ingenuous counteance, his earnest eye; it was impossible to sociate such with the brand of guilt, and the dean's suspicious doubts melted away. It ever uprightness was depicted unmistakably in a human countenance, it shone out ther om Arthur Channing's.

But there appears, then, to be some mys ery attaching to the loss, to the proceedings altogether," debated the dean.

" No doubt there may be; no doubt ther is," was the reply of Arthur " Sir," he im pulsively added, " will you stand my friend so far as to grant me a boon ?"

The dean wondered what he meant Although I have thus asserted my inno ence to you, and it is the solemn truth, there are reasons why I do not wish to steak out so unequivocally to others. Will you kindle regard this interview as a confidential on not speaking of its purport even to Mr. Gal foway "

" But why " asked the dean.

"I cannot explain I can only throw my self upon your kindness, Mr. Deau, to grant the request. Indeed," he added his face flushing, " my motive is an urgent one."

"The interview was not of my seeking : as on may have your boon," said the dean .-But I cannot see why you should not pubely assert it, if, as you say, you are inno

In iced, I am innocent," repeated Arthur Should one ray of elecidation ever be thrown upon the affair, you will see, Mr.

enn, that I have spoken truth." "I will accept it as truth," said the dens You may continue to take the organ.

"I knew God would be with me in the thought Arthur as he the dean and left the Chapter House.

He did not go home immediately. He-had commission to execute in the town, and went to do it. It took him about an hour, which brought it to five o'clock. In pattern ing through the Boundaries he encountered Roland Yorke, just released from that bane of his life, the office, for the day. Athar told him how near he had been to losing the Ca-

thedrai. "By Jove?" ut ered Roland, flying into one of his indignant fits. "A nice dean he is! He'd deserve to lose his own place, if he had done it."

"Well, the danger is over for the pre ent. I say, Yorke, does Galloway talk much

"Not he," answered Roland, "He is a culien and crabbed as any old hear. I say to Jenkins that he is in a passion with himself for having sent you away, and I don't care f he hears me. There's an awful amount to do since you went. I and Jenkins are worked to death. And there'll be the busiest time in all the year coming on soon, with the autum rents and leases. I shan't stop long in it, I

Smiling at Reland's account of being work ed to death, for he knew how much the as sertion was worth, Arthur continued his way. Roland continued his, and, on enter ing his own house, met Constance Channing owned, and D. Gardner came out, in his leaving it. He exchanged a few words of chatter with her, though it struck him that affer him, but not before Arthur had seen the she looked unusually sad, and then found his way to the presence of his mother.

What an uncommon pretty girl-that Cor stance Channing is?" quoth he, in his free Arthur raised his hat to the cason, who ac- unceremonious fashion. "I wonder she the master their enemy. On the other hand, condescends to come here to teach the girls! "I think I shall dismiss her, Roland," said Lady Augusta.

"I expect she'll dismiss herself, ma'am without waiting for you to do it, now Wil- the house to eat it in," returned Roland, throwing

Augusta. "If Miss Champing leaves, it will priority, but not by favor. be by my dismissal. And I am not sure Lame as the suggestion was, the majority

" What for?" asked Roland, larily " It is not pleasant to retain, as instructress

to my children, one whose brother is a Roland tumbled off the sofa, and rose up

with a great cry -a cry of passionate anger, "What?" he thundered.

Good gracious? are you going mad?" uttered the lady. "What is Arthur Channing to you, that you should take up his cause in

ise to stand up for him," stuttered Roland, so excited as to impede his utterance. "We were both in the same office, and the shameful charge might have been cast upon me, as luck. Channing is as mnocent of it as you, mother; he is as innocent as that precious

" He is this to me -that he has got nobody

"I'm sure I don't want to be uncharitable." ried Lady Angusts, whose heart was kind enough in the main. "Half the town says must be guilty, and what is one to think Then you would not recommend me to let it make any difference to Miss Channing's coming here

shall dismiss him from the Cathedral. A cha-

ritable lot you all are!"

No " burst forth Roland in a tone the might have brought down the roof, had it been glass. "I'd scorn such wicked injus

"If I were you, I'd 'scorn' putting myself nto these flery tempers, upon other people's business," cried my lady.

" It is my business," retorted Roland. "Better go into tempers than be hard and unjust. What would William Yorke say at your peaking so of Miss Channing ?"

Lady Augusta smiled. It was the hearing what William York and done that nearly decided me. He has broken with Miss Channing. And he has done well. Poland. It is not fit that he should take his wife from a diagraced family. I have been telling him so ever since it hap pened.

Roland stood before her, as if unable to figest the news; his mouth open, his eye staring.

" It is not true!" he shricked.

"Indeed, it is perfectly true. I guthered a epicion of it from William Yorke's-manner to-day, and I put the question plainly to Miss Channing berself 'Had they parted in consequence of this business of Arthur's? She snowledged that it was so,

Roland turned white with honest anger. He dashed his bair from his brow, where th noisture stood in drops, like peas. And with an ugly word, which would be more ugly still if written, he dashed slown the stairs four at a time, and flung out of the house; probeby with the intention of baving a little personal explosion with the Reverer William Yorke.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

A TABLE OF "TAKE"

The cloisters of Helstonleigh were echology with the sounds of a loud dispute, according as little with their sucred character, as with the fair beauty of the sammer's afternoon.

The excisement caused in the soilege school by the rumer of Lady Augusts, Yorke's lav ing obtained the promise of the head-master that her aon should be promoted to the seniorship over the heads of Channing and Huntley, had been smouldering omincusly and gathering all the more strength from the very fact that the boys appeared to be power ess in it . Powerless they were, in spite t Tom Counting's beast at the dinner-table that the school would not stand it tamely and his meaning nod when Hamish had mockingly inquired whether the school in tended to send Lady Augusta a challenge, or to recommend Mr. Pye to the surveillance of

In the first flow of their indignation, the soys, ringing the changes of rebellion freely, had avowed to one another that they would acquaint the donn with the head-master's adoption of favoritism, and request his interference-like too many of us do when things. happen that annoy as. We are only too prone to speak out our mind, to proclaim what our semedy or revenge shall be. Wa will do this or do the other. The boasts seem feasible while our anger lasts, but when that has subsided into reason and coolness. and we see things in their true light, untinged by prejudice, we find that those boasts were but loud talking, and will not do to act upon. Thus it was with the Helstonleigh college boys. They had hurled forth in threats their nearly conned over the very words in which they should make known their grievance to the dean; but when the practical part came to be considered, their courage oozed out a their fingers' ends. The mice, you remember, passed a resolution in solemn concave that their enemy, the old cas, should be beiled; an excellent precaution, and only lacking one little facilly to render it an efficient one-no mouse would undertake to do it.

To prefer a complaint to the dean of their head-master was a daring measure; such as the school, with all its hardshood, had never vet attempted. It might recoil upon themselves; might be productive of no benefit to the boys were fully resolved not to submit tamely to a piece of favoritism so unjust, without doing something. In the midst of this perplexity, one of them suddenly mooted suggestion that a written memorial school collectively, respectfully requesting rald Yorke would not sign it; and Channing him to allow the choice of senior to be made could not. Huntley alone remained.

"Then you expect wrong," answered Lady | in the legitimate order of things, by merit or

were for its adoption, simply because no other lan could be hit upon; some were against Hot arguments prevailed on both sides, and a few personal compliments, rather tend ing to break the peace, had been exchanged. The senior boy held himself aloof from acting personally; it was his place they were fighting for. Tom Channing and Huntley were red-hot against what they called the aneaking," meaning the underband work. Gerald Yorke was equally but for non-inter-Yorke protested it was not in the least truthat Lady Augusta had beer promised any thing of the sort. In point of fact, there was no proof that she had, except her own a tion, made in the hearing of Jenkim. Gerald gravely declared that Jenkins had gone to

Affairs had been going on in a cross-grained sort of a manner all day. The school, taking t as a whole, had been inattentive; Mr. Pye had been severe; the second master had cane the whole desk, and threatened another, and double lessons had been set the upper Boys for the following morning. Altogether, when the gentlemen were released at five o'clock. they were not in the sweetest of tempers, and entered upon a wordy war in the cloisters

"What possessed you to take and tear up hat paper you were surreptitiously scribbiling at, when Pye ordered you to go up and hand it in?" domanded Gaunt of George Brittle 'It was that which put him out with us all Was it a love letter !"

" Who was to think he'd go and nak for it?" returned Brittle, an indifferent sort of a gentleman, who liked to take things cool and ony, "Signs what it was."
"Don't talk to me about guessing?" impe-

riously speke Gount. "I ask you what

"Nothing less than the memorial to him self," laughed Brittle. "Some of us made rough shell of it, and I thought I'd set on and copy it fair ; when old Pye's voice came thunering, ' What's that you are so stealthily busy over, Mr. Bristle? Hand it in.' Of course, I could only tear it into minute pieces and pretend to be deaf."

"You had best not try it on again," said Gaunt. " Nothing puts out Pye She discheying him to his face,"

"Oh, decen't it though," returned Brittle Cribs put him out the worst. He thought that was a crib, or he'd not have been so ea ger for it.

"What sort of a shell is it?" asked Harry Hantley. 'Who-drew it out?"

"It won't do at all," interposed Hurst. The head of it is . ' Revered master,' and the tail, 'Your affectionately.'

A shout of laughter; Brittle's voice. above the noise. And the middle is an eloquent piece of composition, cal seleted to take the muster's obdurate heart by storm, and move it to redress our wrongs.

"We have no wrongs to radress of that sort," c.ied Gerald Yorke. Being an interested party, you ought: to

keep your mouth shut," calle I out Purst to

"Keep yours shut first," retorted Yorke to lurst. "Not being interected, there's no Harst. need to open yours at all."

"Let's see the thing," said Huntley. Brittle drew from his pocket a siget of opy-book, tumbled, blotted, saribbled upon with the elegance that only a school-boy can display. Several heads had been laid ther, and a sketch of the memorial drawn out between them. Shorn of what Hurst had figure tively called the head and tail, and which had beer appended for nonsense, it was not a bad production. The boys of stered round Brit tle, looking over his shoulder, as he read th composition aloud for the benefit of these wh ould not elbow space to see,

It wouldn't be bad," said Mustley criti cally, "if it were done into good grammar."
"Into what?" roared fizitie. "The grammar's as good as you can produce any day, Huntley. Come

"I'll correct it for you," said Muntley. coolly. "There are a dozen hults in it."

"The arrogance of those upper desk felhea!" sinculated Brittle. "The stops aren't put in yet, and they have not the gumption to allow for them. You'll see what it is when i shall be written out properly, Muntley. It might be sent to the British Museum as a marvel of good English, there to be framed and glazed. I'll do it to night."

" It is no business of yours, Mr. Brittle, thatyou should interfere to take an active part in it," resumed Gerald Yceko.

"No business of mine! That's good! When I am thinking of going in for a senior-

ship myself spother time "It's the business of the whole batch of us if you come to that " roared Bywater, mying to accomplish the difficult feat of standing on his head on the open mullioned window. frame, thereby running the danger of coming indignation at the master, they had pretty to grief down among the grave-stones and grass of the College burlal yard. "If Pye does not get called to order now, he may lapse into the habit of passing over hard working fellows with brains, to exalt some good-for-nothing cake with none, because he happens to have a Dutchman for his father That would wash that would?"

"You, Bywater! you! do you mean that for me?" hotly demanded Gerald Yorke.
"As if I did?" laughed Bywater. "As if I

meant it for any one in particular! Unless the cap happens to fit 'em. I don't say i

"The thing is this," struck in Hurst: "who will sign the paper? It's of no use for Britthe question at issue, and only end in making the, or any other fellow, to be at the bother of But there was another upon whom the words writing it out, if nobudy can be got to sign fell with intense fear.

" Are the seniors "

With the soniors there was a hitch. Gaunt

Why could not Chen ning sign it! Ah here was the lever that was swaying and agitating the whole sehe of this afternoon Poer Tora Channing was 1 10t just now repo. sing upon rose leaves. W hat with his flery temper and his fiery pride, '. Com had enough to do to keep himself within bounds; for the school was resenting upon , him the stigma that had fallen upon Artbur. Not the whole school; but quite sufficient of it. Not that they openly attacked Tom; he a sould have repaid that in kind; but they were sending him to Coventry. Some said they we said not sign a petition to the master head of by Ton Channing-Tom, you remember, standing on the rolls next to Caunt; they said that if Ton Channing were to succeed as se nior of the school, the school would rise up t a open re-bellion. That this feeling agains thim was very much fostered by the Yorkes, there was no doubt. Gerald was actuated by a two-fold motive, one of which was, that it anhanced his own chance of the seniorship. I be other arose from resentment against Antha r Chan ning, for having brought disgrace a pon the office, where was his brother Rolling ! fraternized in this matter with Gerald , albei the same could not be said of him.in m neral no two brothers in the school agreed les a well than did the Yorkes. Both of them fully be lieved Arthur to be guilty:

As good have the thing out new and settle it." exclaimed Griffin, who came no at to Gerald Yorks, and would be the fourth a mior when Claunt should leave. "Are you fallows going to algorit or not?"

"To whom do you speak?" demanded Caunt.

"Well. I speak to all," said Griffin, a good humore d lad, but terribly mischievous, and for some cause, best known to himself, warmly espousing the cause of Geraid Yorks. Shall you sign it, Gaunt?

"No. But I don't say that I disapprove of it, mind you," added Gaunt. " Were I going in for the seniorship, and one below me wen suddenly beisted above my head and made cock of the walk, I'd know the reason why, It is not talking that would satisfy me, or grambli ng either; I'd act.

"Gau nt doesn't sign it," proceeded Griffin, telling off the names upon his fingers.-That's one Huntley, do you? "I do n't come next to Gaunt," was Hunt-

ley's an ewer. "I'll speak in my right turn." Tom Channing stood near to Huntley, his trenche r stuck aside on his head, his honest hee glo wing. One arm was full of books, the other re sted on his hip; his whole attitude bespoks : self-possession, his looks, defiance. Sriffin went on.

"Ger ald Torke, do you sign it?" "I'd see it further first."

"Th at's two disposed of, Gaunt and Yorke, " pursued Griffin. "Huntley, there's only you

Hun tley gave a petulant stamp. "I b ave told you I will not speak out of my turn. Yes, I will speak, though, as we want the affair set at rest," he resumed, changing his mind abruptly. "If Channing signs A, I will. There. Channing, will you

Yes. I'will." said Tom.

Then it was that the hubbub arose, the quarrelling converting the cloisters into an arena. One word led to another, Fiery blood by bblod up; harsh things were spoken. Gerald Zorke and his party represented Tom Channing with being a cligrace to the school's charter, threach his brother Arthur, Huntley and a few more warmly espoused Tom's cause, of whom saucy livwater was one, who roated out cutting sarcases from his gymnasium on the window-frame. Tom controlled himself better than might have been expected, but he and Gerald Yorke flung

passionate retorts one to the other, "It is not fair to cast into a fellow's teeth the abort-comings of his relations," continued Bywater, "What with our uncles, and cousin a and mothers, and grandmathers, there's sure to be one among 'em that goes off the square. Look at that rich lot, next door to Lady Angusta's, with their carriages and grandeur!-their ancle was hanged for beep-stealing.

"I'd rather steal a sheep and be hanged for it, than I'd help myself to a nasty bit of paltry money, and, then deay that I did it! formed Gerald. 'The suspicion might have fallen on my brother, but that he happened, by good luck, to be away that afternoon. My opiason is, that Arthur Channing intended the suspicion to fall upon him."

A howl from Bywater. He had gone over, handforemost, to make acquaintance with the graves. They were too much engrossed to beed him.

Your brother was a vast deal more likely to have helped himself to it, than Arthur Channing," raged Tom. "He does a hundred dirty things every day, that a Chasning would rather cut off his arm than at-

The disputants' faces were nearly touching each other, and very flery faces they werethat is, speaking figuratively. Tora's certainly was red enough, but Gerald's was white-white with passion. Some of the bigger boys stood close to prevent blows, which Gaunt was forbidding.

"I know he did it!" shrieked Gerald. "There!" "You can't know it?" stamped Tom.

You don't know it !" "I do. And for two pins I'd tell."

The boast was a vain boast, the heat of passion alone prompting ft. Gerald Yorke was not scrupulously particular in calm n ments; but little recked he what he said in violent ones. Tom repudiated it with scorn.

And that was Charley Channing. Misled "What do you mean? The school's ready by Gerald's positive and earnest tone, the really believed there must be some foundstion for the assertion. A wild fear seized him, lest Gerald should proclaim some startout premeditation as to what he should say, liam Yorke has get bread and cheese, and a should be sent to the head-master from the put himself practically out of the affair; Ge- ling fact, conveying a conviction of Arthur's guilt to the minds of the school. The blood forsook his face, his lips trembled, and he

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blazed fear, m prise of might whisper percely turning rangle. "Get your ki breathe Do you

Geral " You There w other d than a w provoke try and tray who but don' is guilty. To ta about do " killing than a g at arm's

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anning too

pushed his way through the throng till he touched Gerald. "Don't say it. Gerald Yorke?" be im-ploringly whispered. "I have kept counsel

What ?" said Gerald, wheeling round. "I have kept your counsel about the sur-

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mow anything against him." I wish you could have witnessed the

change in Gerald Yorke's countenance! A streak of searlet crossed its pallor, his eyes show yourselves to be sneaking curs." blazed forth defiance, and a tremor, as of fest, momentarily shook him. To the surprise of the boys, who had no notion what might have been the purport of Charley's whisper, he selzed the boy by the arm, and percely dragged him away up the cloisters, arning the corner into the west quad-

Get down !" he bissed; "get down upon tour knees, and swear that you'll never reathe a syllable of that calumny again Do you hear me, boy ?"

No, I will not," said brave Charley,

Gerald drew in his lips.
"You have heard of a wild tiger, my boy? There was one escaped from a caravan the ther day, and killed a few. I am worse than a wild tiger now, and you had better no provoke me. Swear it, or I'll kill you!"

"I will not swear," repeated the child. "Fil try and keep the word I gave you, not to be-tray who inked the surplice-I will indeed; but don't you say again, please, that Arthur

To talk of killing somebody, and to set about doing it, are two things. Gerald Yorke's killing" would have amounted to no more than a good thrashing. He held the victim at arm's length, his eyes dilating, his right and raised, when a head was suddenly proselled close upon them from the graveyard. ierald was so startled as to drop his hold of

It belonged to Stephen Bywater, who must ave crept across the burial ground and osen that spot to emerge in, attracted probly by the noise.

What's the row ?" asked he.

"I was about to give Miss Channing a taste of tan," replied Gerald, who appeared to sudnly cool down from his passion. "He'd ave got it sweetly, had you not come up. tan you too, Mr. Bywater, if you come rusting yourself, like that, where you are a expected, and not wanted."
"Tan away," coolly responded Bywater;

I can tan again. What had the young one en up to?"

Impudence," suddenly answered Yorke. Mark you, Miss Channing! I have not ne with you, though it is my pleasure to you off for the present. Hallon! What's

was a tremendous sound of shricking velling, as if some one amid the throng loys was getting "tanned" there. Gerald Charley flew off towards it, followed by water, who propelled himself upwards igh the mullioned frame in the best or that he could. The sufferer proved Tod Yorke, who was writhing under sharp correction of some tall fellow, six high. To the surprise of Gerald, he remized his brother Roland.

may remember, it was stated in the chapter that Roland Yorke flew off, in ndignation, from Lady Augusta's news the parting of the Reverend Mr. Yorked Constance Channing. Roland, in much award commotion, was striding through the ters on his way to find that reverend ine, when he strade up to the throng of stants, who were far too much preoccuwith their own concerns to observe him. first distinct voice that struck upon Ro d's ear above the general hubbub, was that

is brother Tod. When Gerald had rushed away with riey Channing, it had struck Tod that he d not do better than take up the dispute crowd to where Gerald had stood in front Tom Channing, and began. For some e time the confusion was so great he could be heard, but Tod persevered; his man-

younger and less than themselves. Yorke knew this.

How dare I! Oh!" danced Tod. "I to because I dare, and because it's true, my brother Gerald says he knows Arthur Channing helped himself to the he does know it. Do you think," he d, improving upon Gerald's suggestion, my brother Roland could be in the office, and not know that he helped elf to it? He-"

was at this unlucky moment that Roland ome up. He heard the words, dashed intervening boys right and left, caught of Mr. Tod by the collar of his jacket, lifted him from the ground, as an angry might lift a contemptible little animal a had enraged him. Roland Yorke was in inapt type of an angry lion then, with anting breath, his blazing eye, and his

dog tostrils. " and that " and that " cried ving Tod a taste of his strength. " For against Arthur Channing !- take that false little bound ! - and that ! you at it again, and I won't leave a e bone in your body!"

d writhed; Tod howled; Tod shricked; hued his "and thats?" and Gerald and dean. other two absentees came leaping up. and loosed him then, and turned his flashes upon Gerald.

anning took the bank-note?"

"What if I did :" retorted Gerald.

are. If you don't eat your words, you are a heard this afternoon have put my temper up." Keep Arthur's in return, if you do I know it, I tell you! I don't care who it had been on terms of friendship with Dr. was who took it, but it was not Arthur Chan- Yorke, and was intimate with his family. ning. If you listen again to his false asser- Roland's words were a somewhat singular tions," pointing scornfully to Gerald, "you'll

Reland stopped for want of breath. Boid Meanwhile, Gaunt had gone up to scatter Bywater, who was sure to find his tongue be—the noisy crew.
fore anybody else, elbowed his way to the—"A nice row ye inner circle, and flourished about there, in complete disregard of the and state of dilapivery necessary article of attire having been, shut up the cloisters." n some unaccountable manner, torn away by his recent fall.

"That's right, Roland Yorke!" cried he. "I'ld scorn the action of bringing up a fellow's dean " uttered Bywater. "He is always relations against him. Whether Arthur Chanturing up when he's not wanted." relations against him. Whether Arthur Channing took the note, or not, what has that got to do with Tom !- or with us? They are saying, some of them, that Tom Channing shan't sign a petition to the master about the senior-

go on at a splitting rate when he likes, and Maine, died at the Hospital there, caused by the has not spared his tongue. Gerald, being swallowing a tamarind stone which lodged in the party interested, does not like it. That's what they were having a row over, when you came up.

"Gerald has no more right to be put over Tom Channing's head than you have to be put over Pye's," said Roland, angrily.

"Of course he has not," replied Gaunt. But things don't go by 'rights,' you know.

This business of Arthur Channing's has been liverity feet long, and thirty feet in the beam. As she fleated slowly down the Mississippi, to additional reason why Tom, at any rate. This business of Arthur Charming's has been quite a windfall for Gerald; he makes it into an additional reason why Tom, at any rate, should not have the seniorship. And there "'y remains Huntley."
"He does, does he!" exclaimed Roland.

If the dean-"

is the heard, but Tod persevered; his manif was overbearing, his voice a loud one.

It say that Tom Channing might have the
concept to take himself out of the school,
hen our friends put us into it, they didn't
per we should have to consort with thieves'
others."

You contemptible little ninny! how dare
presume to cast aspersion at my brother?"
The college boys are in a state of semi-resemfally uttered Tom. And the scorn was
the threw at him; for the seniors disclained,
he tree with Gerald, and in a hamer to espouse Tom
Channing's cause against the world.

"The college boys are in a state of semi-rebellion, Mr. Dean, and are not so quiet under
it as they might be. They would like to
the threw at him; for the seniors disclained,
he threw at him; for the seniors disclained,
the threw at him; for the seniors disclained,
he threw at him; for the seniors disclained,
the threw at many of the privation to the dean.

The college boys are in a state of semi-rethe with Gerald, and in a humer to espouse Tom
the served; the threw at the world.

A district law to the done before.

A district law to the threw the t

"Indeed?" said the dean.

"The senior boy leaves the school at Michaelmas," went on Roland, scarcely giving the dean time to say the word. "The one who stands first fo step into his place is Tom Chaming; the next is Huatley, the last is Gerald Yorke. There is a belief afloat, that Mr. Pve means to have the first the service of New Mexico. Mr. Pye means to pass over the two first,

"Where have you heard this?" inquired

"Oh, the whole town is talking of it, sir Of course, that does not prove its truth; but the college boys believe it. They think," said

mared for mercy. All in vain. Roland Channing to be a false one?" returned the GES. MITCHELL has extemporized a gun

dean.

"There never was a more false accusation brought in this world," replied Boland, relapsing into excitement. "I would answer for Arthur Channing with my own life. He is entirely innocent. Good afternoon, Mr. Is it true that you said you knew Arthur for Arthur Channing with my own life. He

Dean. It I stop longer, I may say more than's UNION SENTIMENT IN MEMPITS. | F21 for No 2 on little. It manufactured there is rather less activity, but there is no alteration "Then you told a lie! A lie as false as you polite; there's no telling. Things that I have

lisgrace to the name of Yorke. Boys, believe He strode away towards the west door, flashed Roland, turning to the wonder | leaving the dean looking after him with a ing throng—"Gaunt you believe me—Arthur smille—alteit smiling was not very much in Channing never did take the note, I know in the line of Helstonleigh's dean. The dean corroboration of Arthur Channing's private defence to the dean but an hour before,

"A nice row you have got me into with your quarrelling," he exclaimed. "The dean has been in the chapter-house all the while, dation he was in behind; a targe portion of a and isn't he in a passion! He threatens to The announcement brought stillness, cha-

" What a bothering old duff he la the

" Take your books, and disperse in effence," Was the command of the senior boy, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

what petition ?" uttered Roland, who had not ca'med down a whit.

"Why? about Pye giving it to Gerald Yorke, over the others' heads," returned Bywater. "You know. Gerald's crowing over it, like anything, but I say it's a shame. I heard him and Griffin say this morning, that there was only Huntley to get over, now Tom Channing was put out of it through the bother about Arthur."

"What's the dean about, that he does not give Pye a word of a sort?" asked Roland.

"The dean! If we could only get to tell the dean, it might be all right. But none of us dare."

"Thank you for your defence of Arthur," said Tom Channing to Roland Yorke, as the latter was striding away.

Roland looked back.

"I am ashamed for all the lot of you! you might know that Arthur Channing needs no defence. He should not be aspersed in my school, Gaunt, if I were senior,"

What with one thing and another, Roland's temper had not been so aroused for many aday. Gaunt ran after him, but Roland would not turn his head, or speak.

"Your brofliers are excited against Tom Channing, and that makes them hard upon him, with regard to this accusation of Arthur," observed Gaunt. "Tom has gone on above a bit, about Gerald's getting the seniorship over him and Huntley. Tom Channing can go on at a splitting rate when he likes, and he has not spared his tongue. Gerald, being the party interested, does not like it. That's learning at the party interested, does not like it. That's learning at the party interested, does not like it. That's learning at a tamarind stone which lodged in her produced authoration and death. Mary Yiola bactes, about three years old, danghter of washington Jacobs, of Orland, was sucking a candy bait, which slipped into the rithrost. Charlotte L. Crosby, foor years old, a child of Jos. Crosby, of Orland, was lowed on a standard at the result of the country of the

HOLLINS' RAM MANASSAS, It is plates with radroad iron of a small pattern and cheap quality. It had a sharp probosous, partly under water, and over this opened a trap-door. The lid of the door looked as it it might be propped up strongly and used as a bridge for boarding the enemy after he had received a blow of the iron snout. The whole doking mass to the bank. While they were so employed the machine fired a gun from her iron nose. The shell burst harmless over

THE GRAVE OF ABRARAM.—A COFFESION. Roland's voice, it had not been a soft one, died away. The dean himself appeared suddenly at the door of the chapter-house, which they were then passing. Roland raised his hat, and Gaunt touched his trencher. The dean accessed the latter, his tone and manner sterm.

"What is the cause of this unusual hoise, Gaunt? It has disturbed me at my reading. If the choisters are to be turned into a beargarden, I shall certainly order them closed to the horse."

"Mu. HENRY D. Thousand.—A correspondent, which the Prance of Wales while the Prance of Wales while the Prance of Wales while the Value of Wales while the close the weight of the prance of the horse. The dean the state in which the tombs are preserved. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Sarah, Rebecca, and Loub are burned there."

Mu. HENRY D. Thousand.—A correspondent, which the Prance of Wales while the Prance of Wales while the Value of Wales while the Prance of Wales while the Value of Wales while the prance of Wales while the Value of Wales Wales while the Value of Wales Wales Wales of Wales Wales Wales Wale

Mn. HENRY D. THOREAC, one of the best

"I shall go and stop it at once, sir," replied Gaunt, touching his trencher again, as he bastily retired. He had no idea the dean was in the chapter-house.

Roband, taking no time for consideration—he very rarely did take it, or any of the Yorkes—burst forth with the grievance to general?" "No, sir, no, sir, backbone of the dean. Not that Roland was one with

Phon Haileck's army we have news that without reference to their merus or their rights, and to bestow it upon Gerald Yorke. The rumor is, that he has promised this to my mother, Lady Augusta. Ought this to be so, Mr. Dean?—although my asking it may seem to be opposed to Lady Augusta's wishes, and my brother's interests."

From Halleck's army we have news that two rebel regiments, from Kentucky and Teurosee, in Beauregard's army attempted to desert and come over to our forces, but being sent from our sale, skyty pressurers were taken, who say that there is percay of most taken and my brother's interests.

cause.
The Militarimac.—The moreing the Merrimac was brown up, it was decided that one of three imags must be seen done—sucher to can the blooks ade, go up the James elver, or blow up. To go of twis decided too hearn ours to independent see, is go up the James in erwas an impossibility, though ever effect was Roland, pointedly, "that the dean ought to ascertain its grounds of formation, and to find terfore. Tom Channing is bearing the brunt of this false accusation on his brother which some of the cowards are easing to sim. It would be too bad, were Pye to deprive him of the seniorship?"

"You deem the accusation on Arthur Channing to be a false one?" returned the

A dispatch from the South says that "at A dispatch from the South ways that "at Memphis there was much boldness manifested in the expression of Union sentiment, in view of the occupancy of the town by Northern forces. Mr. J handed me a copy of a call for a meeting in Memphis, as tol-

of a call for a meeting in Memphis, as hollows?"—
"Stars and Stripes, attention?
"At the appointed hour let every loyalist be found at the Hall of Independence."
"Our deliverance is at hand.
"Let us prepare to welcome it.
"By order of the President."
This was posted throughout the city. An other read as follows:
"Watchmen, know your beats? Sentinels, stand ready for duty?
"Guard well the entrance to Loyalty Hall to-night, and let no traincrous hands surprise the assembly of the lovers of freedom and constitutional government. Let every loyalist be promptly in attendance at this meeting, as business of great importance (in anticipation of the arrival of our friends) will be transacted.

"By order of the Executive Committee." Others of a similar nature were complete

BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS.—Gen. Butler says, in his official report: The rebels have abandoned all their defen sive works in and around New Orleans, in cluding Forts Pike and Wood, on Lake Pon cartrain, and Fort Livingston, from Barra-taria Bay. They have retured in the direc-tion of Corinth, beyond Manchus Pass, and abandoned everything up the river as far as Donaldsowille, some seventy miles beyond New Orleans.

Donalds-nville, some seventy miles beyond New Orleans.

I propose to so far depart from the letter of my instructions as to endeavor to persuade the flag officer to pass up the river as far as the mouth of the Red river, if possible, so as to cut off their supplies, and make there a landing and demonstration in their rear, as a diversion in favor of General Buell, if a decisive battle is not fought before such movement is possible.

Mobile is ours whenever we choose, and we can better wait.

Mobile is ours whenever we choose, and we can better wait.

I flud the city under the dominion of the mob. They have insulted our flag, torn it down with indignity. This outrage will be punished in such a manner as, in my fuigment, will cauth both the perpetrators and abetters of the act. So they shall fear the stripes, if they do not reverence the stars of our hanner.

I send a marked copy of a New Orleans paper containing an applauding account of the outrage,

SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.—The fol-

wing resolution passed the House of Rep-mentatives by 85 years to 50 nays;— Be it enacted, &c., that slavery or involunary servitude in all cases whatever other than in the punishment of crime, whereof the par-y shall have been duly convicted, shall henceforth cesser, and be prohibited forever in all the Territories of the United States now existing, or hereafter to be formed or acquired in any way.

BEAUBEDARD'S CIPHER .- The key to Head regard's cipier dispatch, published by us a week or two ago, is as follows.—Lach italic letter standing for the roman letter printed above it, and a figure signifying that a letter

y or p y 4 a 1 m n o p q h

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS. FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been all dill and unsettled during the week. About 10,000 bbls have been disposed of, in lots, mos ly Western, at \$6005,12. for superfine, \$1.75 to uninspected lots, \$5,125,005,26 for superfine, \$1.75 to uninspected lots, \$5,125,005,26 for superfine, \$1.75 to uninspected lots, \$5,125,005,26 for surface, the latter for choice branch, \$6,50,70 for lots, as in quality inclusiving some fine middlings at \$1.00. The sales to the trade have been to a limited several within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and \$6,700 for his fine high grade fancies. By Flour is searce, with further small racelyls and sales at \$4,5.00 for bid. Comp. Meal is unchanged, and 1800 bids. Brandywing soid on terms kept private. Penna is held at \$2,025,002,565 for bid, without sales. 68 AIN. The narried has been fairly supplied with Wheel, and prices are fully for is bus leaver, with sales of about \$5,000 bus, chiefly Fenna Reds, allow, at 1850 125 in inding some South or de at 1820 1900, and White at 120 x 100. FLOUR AND MEAL.-The market has been dult and unsettled during the week. About

or about 20.00 this having been disposed one or for Soutjern, and discuss for the large should be discussed in the large should be discussed in the large should be discussed in the large should be discussed by the market for the Hog people of she had some 1200 bills more form taken at \$12\text{polla is bill. Beef market in \$100 the more form then at \$12\text{polla is bill. Beef market in \$100 the more with the large for western and city more, with the large for western and city more, with the large for for sides, and here should are, the latter packed for a sport, by \$200 casts of a sold on the private terms. Given the form of the large form of the lar

Lard is held firmly, with no better western, in the and bills, at a country at 75/6075, c. Butter is. We quote packed at 86/5c, and rote to quality. Cheese is firm at 7. The country of the second of

A SHES are firm, with small subject this an

The offerings are then?

COAL-The bracket is more selece, and price todas upases, with F. S. Marchill Will and temp a Josef, Prepared do \$2.8 mm, lied Ash of Outs, in Length Lody to \$4.250 mm as, it is do \$1.50 by rear of \$4.70 School or

parted of F = 9. by retay do \$4.00 Sections of control of \$4.00 Sections of \$4.00 Se

We also be continued to the street of the second to the se

License g B. for Eastern and Wordern-18ON-The market, for the shape is involved, opening a year may be
with a few small sales of Authoritie In lots, in all about 1900 tons, to note, at \$22 for No I and applied.

LE AD in firmer, and fightly reader of 2000 place LEAST IN Tracts, and that he value of 2000 physical character spectred on tortina keep private. LUMBER—The market he more newless and rices unchanged, with fair sales of Hembook it humber at fixed by White Pine Hourst Mike 10, of Tellaw Rap do \$11.0014. Lathe are quoted at \$1.0014, for it and \$1.0014, for

PLASTER is not much inquired for, and was a quotient at Adhyair 2, it ton.

Bit E.—There is a moderate inquiry for East units at Admitig. with sales of 500 loags at the order state. Carolina is scarce, and held at 7th 10 by the country of the popular and the sale of the particle and particl

sal I make the market, and prices the parted core sinuses to the market, and prices the sale of the sa viter, with sales of about 2500 hids, mostly tubs, to note, at 6% perfect as of Sign. Some box Sugar also sold, in lote, at 6, ogther, all on the next credit.

I ALLOW is firm, with free sales of Country I Sofship. City is wanted at 85,c, but holders exertly ask 85, or 0, and we hear of no-high chart of the sales of country in the sales of t

ting doing. TOHACCO continues dull and unsettled, with reduced slock of both Loai and Manufactured operate fit. WOOL—There is very little movement in the

WOOL—There is very little movement in the warket, and prices are assettled and drooping. Suyers generally are holding off for the new clip, which will be coming in shortly, and only a few mall lots of fleece and pulled have been taken at tregular rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS. The supply of Beet Cattle during the past week amounted to 1465 head. Prices varying from 7 to 195c & B. 75 Cows were sold at from \$15 to 45 & head. \$500 head of Sheep were dis-posed of at \$4,50 gross. 1350 Hogs brought from \$5,00 to 5,75 for corn fed.

#### MARRIAGES.

14" Marriage notices must always be accom-

On 4th-day, 7th instant, by Friends' coremony, at the residence of the tritle's father, George W. Hancock, of West Philodelphia, to Lizzie, daughter of Jesse James, of Beissien, Fa.

At Holmesburg, on the 5th hostant, by the Rev. F. J. Thomas, Mr. James Thomas, to Miss Maria Stokket, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Hon, Alax, Henry, Mayor of the city of Philoda, Dr. Fairotsant, Battiswansk, to Miss Anna Guill, daughter of the bits Class L. (1918).

the late Chas. L. Grill.
On the Sth of April by the Rev. J. C. Clay,
Mr. Repute Herenison, to Miss Franciso.
Struction.
In Lancaster, on the Sth Instant, by the Rev.
Waiter Fowell, W. A. SMPPHEAST, of this city,
to Employe, daughter of the late Dr. John Millar of Longuistics.

lar, of Lancaster.
On the 12th instant, by the Key, Dr. O'Hars,
JAMES GLY, to MARY ANNE T. DRINGOLL, both of this city.
On the SRh of April, by the Rev. J. C. Cox,
Classes of Sera, in Miss Many McFantas,
both of this city.

DEATHS.

4 P : a dives of Deaths man always be to emb

37 years. On New Brunowick, New Jersey, aged 57 years. On the 12th Instant, William R. Cadwala old, in his 38th year. On the 18th instant, Harran Maria, wife of David Cole, Je in her 18th year. On the 12th instant, Jodes A. Critwell, in his 48th year.

Esth year.

For the 11th instant, Mrs. Racius, widow of the left American American. ne let. Amer Jones.
On the Eith Instant, Mr Thomas Law.
On the 12th Instant, at his residence, George del Township, Montgomery county, Change Cast.
Sea, in his 6th year.
On the 11th instant, Mr. Samera Cast, in the late Jos, Huncker
On the 19th instant, Mr. Jon's J. Minnera, in its 19th instant, Mr. Jon's J. Minnera, in

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE BATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERING PRINCESON, BANKERS No 28 South | Sind Street | Paints plan | May Lee | Mr. Solin Misson The second secon to Jan. Prayer for a few and the second of t

THE SAFEST AND BEST! reporation that can be used spon the flast imparting to it a satural shade of blown a

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE. At core to the Lad effects of other ayes to ready the Hely is continued to perform the sorth are to force of the other verse.

Manufactured by C. C. C. S. A. Dela R. C., S. C. G. Aster House, N. w. York, S. dd. portywhere, and appelled by all Halr mages.

of c. \$1, \$1, \$2 and \$1 per box, according to size.

tristadoro's Hair Preservative and during with his Disc as it imports the of modern as the most be a cultural is and a substitutely in the Hair Price Soverte, \$1 and \$. per forth, a confinence moved en with

TO BUYERS OF WATCHES AND - 11 (8 H) 10 ; H) 10 A 4 4 4 (Providence, I) 1

THE CONCESSIONS AND EXPERI-

Presentiars Decay, An employing at the same than the means of Sort Live. By one was the same transfer after many parties and quarkers, by the mention presenting and quarkers, by the mention appearing and quarkers, by the mention appearing the had of the author.

NATHANIEL WAYFAIR, Esq. apid-ut.

Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Dirty seets aline for med agets : r timetutiden bete 1111

TEE SATURDAY N NOTE OF HAD STALL OF THE PROBLEM DESCRIPTION OF THE PROB HENEY HINER, Nov. 21 of Fifth Street, Pitterny, JOHN F. HUNT, Masonio Hall, Patching, SPORIOR, N. L., W. J. an W. ed th St., Christian, H. A. GUNTER No. 99 Third St. Lowisville, Fy. JOHN R. WALCH, Chimage, Hilmon. McNALLY & CO., Chimage, Hilmon. JAN. M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, slo., Parisidinal Session pages 17 Parisident Session pages 17 Pages 18 Pages 18

## GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS.

CABANAS, at 49 9 100. LA RITICA, at \$6 \$100. LA HIGUENAS, at \$5 \$100. LA EMPRESSA, at \$3 \$ 100

COLD, SPARKLING

SODA WATER,

Drawn from a large, Silver Fountain, at 5 cents per glass, at . KOLLOCK'S New Drug Store, Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada.



AND MOSPITALS; A THOR OF NEW SULAS PALMER ANN, Lau, &c., has removed to THE STONE EDIFICK.

NO. 1609 Chemout B., Philad's. Temp.

No. 1609 Chemout B., Philad's. Temp.

This Strablishment, excited at green expension to the Dustiness combines every possible component facility for Surgi on Article operations.

The Proposition will devote but presented share, then the Frotestion at this blooms, and construct the "FALMER LIMES," (Ander the New Fatestia In streemingle for extending Theoremial of these Indiana are were Chinagh few are may could have fraction in the "Philad and its gallaxy of good and as beer readeds (the "Philad China on, over all occupations, in the "Philad China of the world) affects the public value of these Inventions. All generates "Philade values for the same of the invention of the public value for the public which contain the New Yorks which contain the Mess Value for Inspirales which contain the Mess Value for Inspirales.

The attention of Sar, come, Physicians, and all

persons interested, is most respectfully suiterted.
All former partners) parkers expired by limitation. Address
H. FRANK PALMER, Survey Artist
609 Chem it St., Philada.



have the first treat of the second of the se

is - diver the crown

The has allowed ready for reviewe applicable stock of times. Wigo I may rev. Lattree Wigo half Wigo arrante, dealers, of Leonethilly a received to the dealers of the deale Tables Letters to de any part of the world will re-

WITHERS & PETERSON 39 SOUTH THIED ST. PHILADA.

STOCK AN EXCHANGE BROKERS.

UNITED STATES TO THE TRANSPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

( OLGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHUA, BRONCHITIS, Ac.

it Jay No a PYTER FORANT has been not yours the standard remody glognications, on toles, Plaudi D Pales, of , are questi stoled distantly met to a Dayloudi tong and expedi-

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## Wit and humor.

#### A MINISTERIAL PARTY.

A correspondent in Michigan sends us a merry account of a sleigh-ride which turned out more unfavorably to the parties than they anticipated. He writes :-

When the sleighing was in fine condition, a party of four gentlemen, rather jorially disposed, determined on visiting a kindred spirit who lives some fifteen miles out in the country, on one of the plank roads diverging from the city. A fast team and a fan sleigh were procured, and the party, with al the necessaries for such a trip, started, singing "Dixie," and chiming in the chorus to the jingling of the sleigh-bells. One of the party had found a pass over the road they were going for "Rev. Mr. Taylor and team when on ministerial business." This pass they determined to offer at the toll-gates on the way, and thus obviate the inconvenience of making change. Such a party in repre senting themselves as clergymen on "minis-terial business" was considered a joke big enough to run the risk of undertaking.

A cordingly linen handkerchiefs were im provised for white cravats, and as the party approached the first toll-gate, they assumed very solemn visages, and warmly discussed he Emancipation question. This threw the gate keeper off his guard, and with a very poite "All right, gentlemen!" the gate was opened, and on they went. The next gate was reached in due time, after three or four stoppages for the purpose of warming up, the Emancipation question was dropped, and the subject of foreign and domesti missions substituted. Here they were again successful, and on they went to the next warming place, where they found some halfdozen individuals standing around the fire all of whom were invited to take "suthin," and all of whom complied with the invita tion with one exception. This person, who started off with a horse and cutter, happened to be the attendant of the next toil gate. The party did not recognize him at first, and the pass was handed to him with all possible so

emnity.
"Rev. Mr. Taylor and team on ministerial business" said the gate-keeper, scrutinizing the gentlemen with the keenest glances. Can't come that on me," and he returned the pass; "there ain't no religion in the party I'l be bound You'll have to pay toll clear from town before you can get through my gate : strikes me that I met you at the tavers just below a few minutes ago," he continued, as the toll was paid him. This was a damper the party had not calculated on, and which completely spoiled their joke. As they were passing through the gate-way, the wife of the tell-man was heard to say, "I don't believe there's one of that party over seed the inside of a meeting house "-Harper's Monthly.

### COULDN'T DO IT

In Schoharie county there lives a mar whose addiction to awearing is such that his name has become a by word and a repreach but by some infernal thermometer, he so graduates his onthe as to make them apply to the peculiar case in hand; the graver the mishap or cause for anger, the stronger and more frequent the adjurations. His business is that of a gatherer of ashes, which he collects in small quantities and transports in an ox-cart Upon a recent occasion, having, by dint of great labor, succeeded in filling the vehicle, he started for the ashery, which stands or the brow of a steep bill; and it was not until he reached the door that he noticed, winding line of white ashes, while something short of a peck was in the cart. "The dwellers by the wayside, and they that tarry there," had assembled in great force, expecting an un usual anathematical display. Turning, how ever, to the crowd, the unfortunate man heaved a sigh, and simply remarked

"Neighbors, it's no the . I can't do justice

N. J., lived a very plous family, who had taken an orphan to raise, who, by the way very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying n better regard to the service. She replied she the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with off and took the astounded sleeper, with an The minister and aroused congregation at "You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."

WOULDN'T BITK SUCH BAIT -Our friend moonlight lately. A few evenings since, Jones resolved to "make his dostiny secure." Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair dulcines, and made his passion known there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain when she coolly replied,-

In a small party, the subject turning san. ony, a lady said to her sister-" She replied-" No, not the brimstone; only for using a rope, when one does not wish to and its sting more painful. 7. It is more inches for the hinge end of the gate; brace, pour over it the tapicca: bake 1 hour, and

#### GEN. HOUSTON'S PRESCRIPTION TO A "BORE."

Among the guests at the St. Nicholas Ho tel, in New York, once of a time, was Gen. Sam Houston, of Toxas. Gen. Houston is as all his acquaintances well know, fond of mirth and fun, and, in short, is what Doesticks would call a P. B -- perfect brick. The General, however, entertains an intense ha tred for that species of human beings called "bores." One of these gentry, a good-natured but noft headed chap, a regular button-hold er, cornered him one day at his hotel. He had managed to be introduced to him the day previous

"General," said the bore, after he had bothered Mr. Houston out of all patience, "I wish you would do me one more favor. A man of your eminence is so competent

"Well, what is it?" demanded Mr. Hous on, rather curtly.

Well, you see, Mr. Houston, you are such in eminent man, such a-

"Never mind that; what do you want to know!" "Excuse me, but a person of your abilities

and distinction must be aware-"I am somewhat in haste," interrupted the

badgered Senator, "pray come to the point " Well, then, tell me the secret of your suc

cess in life-how you rose in position as you have done."
"Ah! but that wouldn't benefit you any. I

can tell you how you can rise in the world if "That's just it," was the reply; "just what

was trying to get at." "Well, sir, I'll tell you. Undertake to ap-proach a sore-headed bull with a red scarf eround your neck. I'll guarantee your upward progress immediately on the completion

of the experiment." The button-holder collapsed, shoved his hat on his head and walked sorrowfully away while a cluster of gentlemen near by, who had heard the conversation, fairly screamed with laughter

#### THE AGE OF OUR EARTH.

We extract the following from Agassiz's Article on "Methods of Study in Natural History," in the May number of the Atlantic Monthly

Among the astounding discoveries of mo dern science is that of the immense periods which have passed in the gradual formation of our earth. So vast were the cycles of time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rock heaped above each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's work on the earth, but when we add to these the successive pop ulations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidder in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind on which they lived has hardened in the course of time-or the enormous chains of mountains whose upneaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions or the changes of a different nature in the configuration of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and islands above it or the wearing of great river beds, or the filling of extensive water basis, till marshes first and then dry land succeeded to inland seas -or the slow growth of coral reefs, those wonderful sea-walls its tortuous course down the long declivity, a raised by the little ocean architects whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries, that there are extensive coun tries, mountain chains, islands, and long lines of coast consisting solely of their remains -o the countless forests that must have grown up, flourished, died and decayed, to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race to-day-if we consider all these I'LI KEEP EM AWAKE - Near Newark, records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology for which our experience furnishes no data, and the time that lies beer underwitted. He had imbibed hind us seems as much an eternity to our conception as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.

## TESTS OF CHARACTER

A great many admirable actions are over did. Accordingly, before going to church looked by us because they are so little and common. Take for instance, the mother apples. One bald-headed old man, who in- who has had broken slumber, if any at all, variably went to sleep during the sermon, with the nursing babe, whose wants must particularly attracted his attention. Seeing not be disregarded; she would fain sleep him at last nedding and giving nasal evidence while when the breakfast hour comes, but of being in the "land of dreams," he hauled patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted apple, square on the top of his bald pate. and weary she serves all with a refr shing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, once turned around and indignantly gazed at and often the cup is handed back before she the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as has had time to taste her own. Do you hear he took another apple is his hand, with a her complain—this weary mether—that her sober, honest expression of countenance - breakfast is cold before she has had time to eat it ! And this not for one, but every morning, perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. Oh! Jones has been doing homage to a pair of how does woman shame us by her forbear bright eyes, and talking tender things by ance and fortitude in what are called little things. Ah it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forcetten gentleness, the humblest home is made beau-She refused him out flat. Jumping to his tiful, though we fail to see it, alas! until the feet, he informed her in choice terms, that chair is vacant and the hand that kept in motion all this domestic machinery is power less and cold!

The Shiekh Abdullah once sent to lows "The Italian bee is -1 Stronger, his neighbor, Hassan Alla'd Decu, to borrow more active, and resists take winds and chills by three, and two by four inches, for the a rope. "He cannot have it," replied Has-san. "I have taken the rope to tie up a mea-more hours every day. 3. It collects more sure of sand." "What! tie up sand with a wonder, my dear, you have never made a rope?" replied Abdullah. "Oh, friend," rematch; I think you want the brimstone." torted Hassan, "it is easy to find a reason breeds more freely. 6 It is more britable inches for the latch end, and one by eight



"NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

Love, banished from the kitchen, finds an audience at the coal hole.

## Agricultural.

#### COWS VERSUS HORSES.

At a ploughing match held on the estate of the Right Hon. Earl Ducie. Crummel Park. we noticed, says Hell's Messenger, a team of cows, engaged in ploughing at one end of the field; and as they appeared to exact a tolerable amount of attention, we thought it worth while to make a note or two on the spot. The animals were polled cows in full milk, and belonged to Mr. John Evans, of Woodford, Gloucestershire, who is, we be lieve, a small enterprising farmer. Two of the cows were rather old; the hindmost one the owner assured us, had been worked regularly during the last seven years, has had a calf every year, and one season was worked up to the day previous to calving. The middie cow was a three year old, and this was her second season, the owner putting his cows to the plough at two years old. Our readers must bear in mind that these cows were i full milk, being milked twice every day; on very hot days it was found necessary to milk

them three times. Mr. Evans assured us that the cows gave more and richer milk when they were regularly worked, and that the goods were larger in amount, as well as better in quality; to use his own words, when there was a less quantity of goods made, his wife would tell him that he had not worked the cows so much. which was invariably the fact. Our readers will, of course, imagine that the cows were, and ought to be, well fed; hay, oil-cake, bran and chaff, we are told, was the food given them during their working time. We give no opinion as to the policy of working dairy cows as above, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions. We must say it was rather slow work, although the ploughing was pretty well done, and there seemed no lack of strength or will on the part of the cows.

### CRINOLINE FLOWER POTS.



fanciful name of the "Crincline Pot." Variused for lining the pots or wire baskets and holding the soil. Among these named are the procumbent Sciaginellas, several Adian mercia cház sphydlus, Dividlia dissecta, pentaphyd a, and Fadyenia prolifera. The plants that succeed best in these pots are beaths, ferna, all peat loving plants, and doubtless many others. Plants may be so placed as to protrude from any or all sides and even from the bottom, and, with the moss which clothe the soil, present a mass of beautiful verdure

ITALIAN BEES -At a late "Bee Convention" held at Cleveland, Ohio, Dr. J. P. Kirt land summed up what he deemed to be the advantages of Italian over other bees, as fol- meat." So this gate is just mine, barrin' the better than the common bee. 2 It works frame of my gates; but one time, now some stores. 4. It works upon some flowers which therefore built my gate, which was ten feet the black bee cannot operate upon. 5. It long, frame with strips of board, one by four

#### CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

" How is it that you raise such large and nice onions?" I asked of an Iowa farmer, as I was sitting at table with him, and observing

"Well," said he, "we sprout the seed with boiling water, and then plant it early and in good ground.

"Sprout the seed in boiling water?" I ex claimed, inquiringly. "What do you mean, sir, by that? Won't boiling water kill the seed? "Not at all," he replied; "but it will

prout them, in one minute's time." "It will? It looks incredible," I replied with surprise.

"Well, you try it," he replied, "when the time comes to plant, and you'll find it just as I tell you."

And, sure enough, when spring came, and my neighbor was planting his onion seed, being present, I said :

" Jewell, last winter, there was a man in Iowa told me that to pour boiling water on black onion seed would sprout it in one mirute. Suppose you try it?"

" Very well," said he. And taking the teakettle from the stove, he poured the boiling water on the seed, which he had in a saucer. Looking closely at it for a moment, he exclaimed, "You have told rightly. Only look there.

I looked, and behold, the little sprouts about as large as horse hairs were out of the opened ends of the seeds! He did not retain the water on the seed above three seconds, and in less than one-half minute after it was poured off, the sprouts were projecting from the seeds.

My Iowa friend assured me that this process would advance the growth of the orion two or three weeks beyond the ordinary methed of planting without sprouting.

WASHING AND SHEARING SHEEP.

A year ago we invited attention to the question, whether the washing of sheep is ex pedient. Since then, there has been consider able discussion on the subject, and we are inclined to think that so long as the rules which now generally govern purchasers pre-vail, the practice of washing will be less followed than it has heretofore been. An arguis that the sheep may thus be shorn much earlier in the season. This is considered an advantage to the sheep, besides securing a greater amount of wool.

It is seldom that water becomes warm nough to wash sheep before the last of May or first of June in this climate, though there are days when the temperature is so high that the animals, under a heavy weight of fleece, are uncomfortable. Besides, it is frequently the case that sheep lose considerable of their wool by the first of June, especially when they are in pastures which have briers and other shrubs in them. How often do we see sheep in the month of May, from the necks and bellies of which much of the wool is gone. This would have been saved by early shearing. True, it may be necessary to shelter the sheep after they are shorn; but even if shearing is deferred till June, and the sheep are washed, they should be sheltered afterwards, if cold storms occur.

A writer in the Ohio Farmer states that he has had several years' experience in shearing sheep, both early and late, and has found that they thrive better and yield annually more wool when shorn early than when shorn late. - Boston Cultivator

### THE BEST GATE.

best gate is made of scantling and boards;" to which I say as the Irishman did of his friend's dinner, which was meat and potatoes; "that it was just his, barrin' the scantling. Formerly I used scantling, two twolve years since, I had no scantling, and one by six inches. My lower board, one by eat with a sauce.

next two, each one by four inches; the whole secured by wrought nails clinched, and hung with strap hinges. This gate is now, and has been all the time from its construction, in daily use, and has never sagged an inch From that time to the present, I have always built my gates without scantling, and have found them equally as good barriers as those built with scantling, while they are lighter, cost less, and do not sag. Any one can build such a gate and hang it—the posts being set in two hours - Cor. Ohio Phymer A PLEASANT FERTILIZER FOR GARDEN

eight inches; next above, one by six inches;

PLANTS.—Many persons, particularly ladies, dislike to use the ordinary fertilizers from the barn or poultry yard, on flowers and other house-plants. "One who knows" sends the following, which is good not only to stimulate house-plants, but for out-door plants of almos every kind. Dissolve | to | ounce of sulphate of ammonia (obtained cheaply at the drug gists) in one gallon of water. Apply it only once a week, and then only to growing plants. It may be used with great benefit on beds of strawberries, on peas, on dwarf pears, grape vines, dahlias, and for all kinds of pot-plants. This mixture increases the size of the foliage of plants, and gives a dark, shining green co lor. The flowers also are improved in proportion. And, not least important, this fertilizer will do no harm .- Am. Agriculturist. THE ENGLISH CROPS,-The signs, at the

latest dates, indicate a good crop for the next harvest in England, such a one, in breadth as well as in luxuriance, as will probably form a strong contrast to the uncommonly deficient yields of the last two years. Accounts from about 400 places state that the fields generally look very well, appearing equal to any ever seen there in March. This, with the breadth of ground sown, indicates a satisfactory har vest. But it must be borne in mind that, good as the harvests may be, England has now annually about forty millions of bushels of wheat, to supply the deficiency between the usual harvest and the common requirement in that country—her manufacturing and commercial population, as shown in statistics for many years, requiring that much more than her usual harvest supply.

## Useful Receipts.

PEELING POTATOES.—All the starch in potatoes is found very near the surface; the heart contains but little nutriment. Ignorance of this fact may form a plausible excuse for those who cut off thick parings, but none to those who know better. Circulate the injunction, "Pare thin the potato skin."

STOPPING LEAKS IN ROOFS.-A correspon dent recommends the following:-Take four pounds of resin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, simmer together, and apply while hot. We have no doubt it is an excel lent recipe, and the cement may be applied te other purposes.

CARE OF CARPETS.-When carpets are taken up, be careful in removing the tacks, so that the edges of the carpet are not torn, then roll up the carpets with the upper part inside, and carry them away to be beaten. As soon as the carpets are removed, throw a few old tea leaves, not too wet, over the floor, sweep the room out, and afterwards wash the boards with a wet flannel, but be careful not to throw too much water about, as it is liable to injure the ceiling of the rooms below. While the floor is drying, beat the carpets, by hanging them over a stout line and beating them, first on one side and then on the other, with a long, smooth stick. After the carpet is beaten, it may be dragged over a lawn or else brushed on both sides with a carpet-broom. If faded or greasy in many parts, an ox-gall mixed with a pailful of cold water, or a little grated raw potato and cold water, mixed together and sponged over the places, and then wiped dry with soft cloths,

will make them look clean and bright. If there are any appearances of moths in carpets, when they are taken up, sprinkle tobacco or black pepper on the floor before the carpets are put down, and let it remain after they are laid down.

Straw matting, laid under carpets, makes them last much longer than straw; as it is smooth and even and the dust sifts through it. Slips of paper should always be placed over the edges of the steirs under the carpet. This will diminish the friction between the carpet and the boards underneath. The strips should be in length within an inch or two of the width of the carpet, and four or five inches in breadth, as convenient. This simple expedient will preserve the carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips.

LADY WELD'S PUDDING.-Select a very hallow small pie-dish, line it with a good pic-paste, fill with some delicate preserve, strawberry or apricot preferred, cover with the paste as if for baking, and boil till quite done; it will not take quite so long as a fruit pudding, as the dish is so shallow. It is in fact a boiled tart, but is singularly delicious, and for a century was only seen at the table of the Welds, of Sulworth Castle. STONE CREAM .- This can be made to per-

fection in the following simple manner:-Pu a thick layer of greengage, apricot, or any other iam at the bottom of a glass dish, boil an ounce of isinglass in a pint of cream, or In the Former of February 15th, an article milk, if for home use, sweeten to your own on fencing of barn-yards, etc., says:-" The taste, pour it over the jam, and when cold it will be quite solid, and a deliciously sweet

#### CHOICE RECEIPTS. FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THITLE-Put slices of sponge-cake in the bottom of a glass dish: on this put thin slices of citron, or apples preserved. Pour over this a boiled custard, and on the top put a whip, made as last week's receipt.

TAPIOCA PUDDING .- Take 1 teacurful tapioca to 3 pints water: let it stand 2 hours: slice apples enough to fill a bakingpan, and

## The Riddler.

#### HISTORICAL ENIGNA.

WRITTER FOR THE SATURDAY SYSNING POST I am composed of 44 letters.

My 15, 29, 40, 25, 43, 38, 18, 13, was a general sent :

to conclude peace with the Indiana My 3, 28, 2, 22, 6, 44, is a battle in which fell a

cclebrated wagrior.

My 1, 21, 36, 9, 18, 33, 42, 21, 30, 14, 7, 26, 5, 5, was a bill passed by the British Parlia-My 4, 32, 25, 5, 39, 35, 18, 19, was a general who

apread terror at his approach. My 41, 33, 31, 40, 12, was a British Major hung as

a spy.

My 84, 11, 2, 33, 37, was a commissioner sent to

France. My 23, 8, 40, 27, 37, 30, was a general who fell in

My 10, 16, 17, 1, was the general to whom the loss of Fort William Henry was attributed. My 36, 18, 10, 6, was a valuable officer lost in

My whole was a terrific naval engagement, SAMUEL LAIRD.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 71 letters. My 1, 6, 8, 11, 40, 66, 71, is a town in Missis

sippi. My 3, 2, 29, 7, is a cape in South America.

My 11, 63, 31, 28, 62, 29, 43, 69, 11, 6, 40, 13, 31, ia

a sea in Asia. My 12, 43, 59, 28, 24, 46, is a sea in Europe.

My 15, 26, 42, 51, 52, is a county in Iowa. My 17, 16, 13, 4, 13, is one of the United States.

My 19, 57, 39, 69, 47, 53, 32, 49, 26, 59, 18, 42, 54

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I as:

is one of the United States. My 25, 32, 58, is a river in Russia.

My 34, 31, 37, 61, 35, 65, 33, 9, 14, is a county of

My 34, 38, 15, 60, is a town on one of the Japan My 52, 5, 43, 14, 19, 9, 27, is a river in Ireland.

My 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 68, 58, is a county in Maryland.

My 36, 23, 21, 27, 10, 38, is a country in Europe, My 63, 42, 33, 70, 44, is a county in North Caro-

My 67, 94, 69, 28, 50, 35, 6, 4, 57, 45, is a river in Arkaneae.

My whole is the names of four Signers of the Declaration of Independence. AQUIDNECK. Newport, R. I.

#### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. In every clime and zone I've been,

Throughout the world around, On every isle and continent My first is easy found. My second oft in music halls

In grandeur does appear. But sometimes is not there. The school boy as he walks about,

Oft with my whole is seen. I think you now can find it out, Or else I think you're green. J. SIMMONS.

Nuples, Scott Co., Ill.

#### CHARADE. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first a baby does when you pinch it, My second a lady says when she does not mean it, My third exists and no one c'er has seen it, My whole contains the world's best half within it.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A country in Europe.

A country in Africa. A cape on the coast of Spain A power of Europe

A Kingdom of Europe. A division of Chinese Tartary. A country of Asia.

## The initials form a state, the finals one of its cities. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Suppose a solid ball 1/2 mile in dlameter be feet in height stations himself on the top of the ball to view the surrounding country. Query.-How many square miles of land are

oncealed from the man's vision by the sphere! Yours, &c., WM. Rock Grove, Ills., March 29th, 1862. An answer is requested.

#### DISPHANTINE QUESTION. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Required-three cube numbers whose sum is ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

### CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between October and November? With October the leaves fall; with November the fall leaves. What is that which makes everybody sick

but those who swallow it? Flattery.

Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine? secause it has a Cork in it. What living creature has a beard without

chin? An oyster. Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Because she forms lasses into classes. Why is a well-trained horse like a benevo-

## ent man? He stops at the sound of " we ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Daniel Web-ster. ENIGMA—General Winfield Scott. RID-DLE.—Raurod. PROBLEM.—50.7718 rods;

79.4434 rods: 88.1916 rods.

not surprised at Shiloh.

Col. Chas. Whittlesey, of Cleveland, was an acting brigadier at the battle of Shi-loh. He writes:—"The great feature of the battle was the want of generalship in our command. To allow a force of ninety thousand men to surprise our camp, and be within one hundred yards of us, before their advance was known, is a blunder too glaring to pass unnoticed." Gen. Grant writes that he was

Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what his tory makes haste to record.

Mrs. the goo twenty tives of which e youth, nolds, a pole. I up rubbe court-go silent, a under ti of Mad heard so great au gone ger had outl repair to and in a dy for a

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